





# SONGS OF THE CELT.

BY

✓  
CHARLES CASHEL CONNOLLY.

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
Song of the Exiled Harp, . . . . .	9
The Vesper-bell, . . . . .	22
Trace a Stone to Emmet's Glory, . . . . .	25
Young Winnie of the Bawn, . . . . .	28
Evening in Autumn, . . . . .	30
Isle of My Birth I Greet Thee, . . . . .	35
On the Death of a Child, . . . . .	37
O'Connell, . . . . .	38
Beyond the Dark, . . . . .	42
At Midnight, . . . . .	43
In March, . . . . .	44
The Valleys Where the Shamrocks Grow, . . . . .	46
That Wild Beach Where My Own Cot Stands, . . . . .	48
To a Maiden at Prayer, . . . . .	53
At Sea, . . . . .	54
I Would Forget Thee, . . . . .	56
The Outcast, . . . . .	58
To B. A. N——, . . . . .	60
Dermod the Sage, . . . . .	61
Sweet Nannie of Athlone, . . . . .	76
Gloom, . . . . .	78
Night, . . . . .	79
Question, . . . . .	82
Answer, . . . . .	83
Light, . . . . .	84
To a Sleeping Child, . . . . .	85

	PAGE.
The Hawthorn Blossom, . . . . .	88
Mannie, . . . . .	89
Potomac, . . . . .	90
Man's Littleness, . . . . .	91
A Dream, . . . . .	92
Autumn, . . . . .	93
To Birdie, . . . . .	95
Long Ago, . . . . .	97
The Dying Child, . . . . .	100
Flowers, . . . . .	101
Esther, . . . . .	102
Past, . . . . .	104
To a Mother on the Death of Her Child, . . . . .	111
Antrim's Curse, . . . . .	113
Winter, . . . . .	118
Beach Notes, . . . . .	120
The Link that Binds, . . . . .	122
To —, . . . . .	123
Dusk, . . . . .	124
When Love is Dead, . . . . .	127
Kindness, . . . . .	128
Mollie, . . . . .	129
Revery, . . . . .	130
In Sixty, . . . . .	131
A Wink, . . . . .	134
To —, . . . . .	140
Morn and Eve of Life, . . . . .	141
The Bonny Banks of Brame, . . . . .	142
Ambition, . . . . .	143
The Waif's Retrospect, . . . . .	145
Her I Love, . . . . .	153
When We Parted Years Ago, . . . . .	154
June, . . . . .	155
Memory, . . . . .	156
Forgiveness, . . . . .	158
Old Erin Mavourneen, . . . . .	162
Iola, . . . . .	164

	PAGE.
Flotsam, . . . . .	169
Memory Wakes, . . . . .	171
Oh, Heart of mine be Calm, . . . . .	173
Mystery, . . . . .	174
Daybreak, . . . . .	176
The Plighted Maiden, . . . . .	179
I've Wandered Far, . . . . .	187
My Love, . . . . .	189
Turgesius, . . . . .	191
The Dying Orphan, . . . . .	201
Eileen Machree, . . . . .	203
Gallant Ship, . . . . .	205
November, . . . . .	206
I'm Weary, . . . . .	208
Should years to Come, . . . . .	209
Thoughts while Gazing on a Lily, . . . . .	210
Faith, . . . . .	211
Budding Bloom, . . . . .	212
For Thee I Sigh, . . . . .	213
Indian Summer, . . . . .	215
Years, . . . . .	216
Exertion, . . . . .	217
Nora Dear, . . . . .	223
The Sexton, . . . . .	224
Time, . . . . .	225
This World, . . . . .	226
When the Cuckoo Sings Again, . . . . .	288
Farewell! Dear Land, My Native Isle, . . . . .	230
Melancholy, . . . . .	232
The Wintry Winds at Sea, . . . . .	233
Soft Weather, . . . . .	234
Serenade, . . . . .	243
Where Are My Friends, . . . . .	244
I knew Her well when but a Child, . . . . .	245
Sallie will not Reason, . . . . .	246
The Sailor's Tomb, . . . . .	247
To Florence, . . . . .	248

	PAGE.
The Locket, . . . . .	249
Mary, . . . . .	250
Kittie Waine, . . . . .	252
Farewell, . . . . .	253
In the Offing, . . . . .	254
Annie, . . . . .	256
Tossed by the Gale on Fortune's Flow, . . . . .	257
Ella, . . . . .	258
A Child's Epitaph, . . . . .	259
The Jilted Lover, . . . . .	260
To —, . . . . .	261
What Is Life? . . . . .	262
How It Happened, . . . . .	263
Spring, . . . . .	264
Crossing the Ford, . . . . .	265
Friendship, . . . . .	266
Blue-eyed Mary, . . . . .	267
A Rhyme, . . . . .	269
To a Belle, . . . . .	271
Avoca, . . . . .	273
Sing me a Song, . . . . .	278
The Soldier Slain in Battle, . . . . .	279
Thy Home Should Be, Love, . . . . .	281
Who May Tell? . . . . .	282
That Night, . . . . .	283
Saddest, . . . . .	284
Love, . . . . .	285
Motion, . . . . .	286
Charity, . . . . .	287
Fannie, . . . . .	290
To Many, . . . . .	291
Lanty's Lament, . . . . .	293
Famine, . . . . .	296
A Truant Child is Human Life, . . . . .	297
The Two Brides, . . . . .	298
Kate, . . . . .	301
Trifles, . . . . .	302

	PAGE.
Dearest, . . . . .	303
Think of Me, . . . . .	304
Song of the Warrior Bard, . . . . .	306
Ethel, . . . . .	308
Lay of the Winds, . . . . .	309
The Farmer's Wooing, . . . . .	345
Words, . . . . .	346
The Maiden Said, . . . . .	347
Content, . . . . .	348
The Rose-bud and Dew-drop, . . . . .	349
An Infidel's Epitaph, . . . . .	350
Winter Coming, . . . . .	351
Come, Fair Love, . . . . .	352
The Apple, . . . . .	353
Obit, . . . . .	354
All Vain, . . . . .	355
Canzonet, . . . . .	356
Something Wanting, . . . . .	357
Anna, . . . . .	358
They Cost "Rocks," . . . . .	359
To a Sleeping Girl, . . . . .	363
Sweet Maid of the Golden West, . . . . .	364
Erin Weeps, . . . . .	366
If I should dream my Life Away, . . . . .	367
Up! up! and be Doing, . . . . .	368
The One I Love, . . . . .	371
Trouble Double, . . . . .	372
We Met, . . . . .	382
Music, . . . . .	384
My Dearie, . . . . .	385
Childhood, . . . . .	386
If we should Part, . . . . .	387
The Ring, . . . . .	388
When Starlight Fails, . . . . .	389
Query, . . . . .	391
Lost through Pride Yet to Memory Dear, . . . . .	394
Monody of a Coquette, . . . . .	395

	PAGE.
In the Twilight, . . . . .	398
A Sister of the Poor, . . . . .	399
Vesper, . . . . .	401
Sunset, . . . . .	402
Reapers, . . . . .	403
Affection, . . . . .	404
The Wreck, . . . . .	406
Withered Bloom, . . . . .	409
Christian Faith, . . . . .	410
Alice Jeane, . . . . .	411
Wooded in Vain, . . . . .	412
Darling, . . . . .	414
The Language used in Heaven, . . . . .	415
A Morning Prayer to our Mary Mother, . . . . .	416

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# SONGS OF THE CELT.

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## SONG OF THE EXILED HARP.

Baptistery of faith, my native isle !  
Fond I vision of thee, and, the while,  
    The verb of being, with glad impulse,  
Wakes the Sabbath throb of memory,  
And I joy in sweetest revery ;  
    With feeling heart and bounding pulse,  
I sing of thee, and from the vast  
Of silence, where the mouldering past  
    Lies tombed beneath succeeding years,  
I will recall, through memory's spell,  
The joys that were, and hopes that fell  
    Beyond the brink, where death appears  
    Long mourned and sanctified in tears.

### I.

Far down the vale of cancelled ages,  
Where, coffined, rest the chiefs and sages  
    Of Erin's early days of fame,—

When Druid priests and pagan sires  
Adored the sun, and Baal fires  
Flushed Tara's courts with lurid flame ;

And 'neath the shade of branches dense  
Of the proud oak—the forest's prince—  
The rude Scythian chant was heard,  
And Clogher's fateful oracle-stone  
Told secrets of the far unknown,  
And river-gods held power absurd.

Erst prophet, wise in mystic page,  
Told of a light in coming age—  
To be revealed to Heremon's race ;  
Far brighter than the stars or moon,  
Still brighter than the sun at noon—  
Light's burnished gold on idol's face ;

And Fiounnala, swan of th' white plume,  
Poised on the wave in lonely gloom,—  
Wandered far, waiting, listening  
For the first peal of th' promised bell,  
To break the thrall and allotted spell  
Of the pagan and his teaching.

Ere Succath \* tended Milcho's flocks  
Along the valley of shamrocks,—  
A bond-lad in a stranger land,—

\* Saint Patrick's baptismal name.

And Rome's Celestine had decreed  
A mission of the holy creed,  
To bear th' Crucifix to Ireland.

'Twas then great Ollam's harp of song  
First woke the living notes which throng  
Tara's Psalter, and gave a tone  
To freedom, and a fearless voice  
To man, to speak his will, his choice,—  
What laws shall bind and be his own.

Oh ! shade of the great departed !  
Where are th' rights thy laws imparted  
In those far days of glory past ?  
Not in th' land they first made happy,—  
There clank but chains o'er unhappy  
Hearts, in the gloom of thralldom cast.

II.

A relic of those vanished years,  
I linger still 'mid earthly cares—  
A wanderer in another clime ;  
Far from the isle where sainted bards  
First touched and woke my tuneful chords  
To song and melody sublime.

That dear isle, where primroses blow,  
And daisies bloom, and bright ferns grow,  
And hairbells hang their azure bells ;

And buttercups, with golden lips,  
Kiss the balmy wind, as it trips  
Through pastures green and mossy dells.

And maidens, chaste as morning dew,  
With bloom as fresh and rosy, too,—  
And braided locks of glossy hair,  
With sprightly step and trusting mien,  
Trip lightly o'er the meadows green,  
To ask the Saviour's love in prayer,—

As convent-bells, with warning chime,  
Peal out the matin hour of time—  
When faith, low kneeling at the Cross,  
Looks up to God, and humbly prays  
For mercy, and for wisdom's ways,  
To see His glory through the Mass.

And abbeys old guard well the trust  
Of sainted monk and hermit's dust,  
In their long consecrated cells,—  
Those honored cells, so widely known  
To early faith,—whose every stone  
Some hallowed, prayerful legend tells.

And pilgrims journey, far and near,  
With reverent step and fervent prayer,  
To drink in faith at holy streams ;  
Where sages, old in Christian lore,  
Oft knelt and quaffed and blest of yore,  
While pausing 'mid angelic dreams.

Those holy wells, those healing founts,  
Whose beaded rims the Shamrock mounts,  
    To remind the pilgrim, as he kneels,—  
Of the symbol, meek and lowly,  
Which taught th' Trinity, and truly  
    The unity of God reveals.

III.

Oft I have sang in other days,  
And thrilled the heart with stirring lays,  
    In gala courts and banquet halls ;—  
When Erin had a ruling voice,  
When Erin held a nation's place,  
    And banners floated from her walls.

And rightful heirs held rightful bonds,  
O'er all the streams and emerald bounds  
    Of their land, the land of bravery !  
The land of virtue, and of song !  
The land of Christians, true and strong ;—  
    Land of the Cross and rosary !

In valleys fair, and on the hills,  
By placid lakes and crystal rills,  
    Jehovah's sacred altars stood,—  
And anthems, loud in highest praise,  
Rose o'er the plains and wooded ways,  
    From hearts o'erflowing with gratitude.

And Scoto kings the pallium wore,  
And chiefs and clans, did but adore  
The gospel truths in Messiah's name—  
Taught by His priest, the long endeared,  
And evermore to be revered,  
St. Patrick of transcendent fame.

Bright days of peace, all void of war,  
When brightly shone the morning star  
Of Erin's faith and Christianity ;  
And nations sought her holy shrines,  
And nations blest her meek divines,—  
True teachers of humanity.

And to her halls the stranger came,—  
Those halls of learning and of fame,  
Far spreading o'er the continent ;  
And forth she sent, with open hands  
And hearts, her sons to distant lands,  
To teach and guide the penitent.

Many went, and far beyond th' main,  
Gaul knew her monks, and the rude Thane  
In Saxon bounds, left them in peace ;  
And heads high crowned, by right of blood,  
Bowed to Erin's higher priesthood,—  
And Rome, itself, received her grace.

IV.

'Twas then a land of tuneful prayer,—  
Ten thousand minstrels filled the air  
    With bardic songs of fervent joy ;  
For Patrick's faith, each bosom thrilled,  
All o'er the isle the paean swelled,—  
    Christ we found through our shepherd boy.

By Mungert heights, where Shannon laves  
The emerald turf with crystal waves,  
    Five hundred monks, the glory sang ;  
And Bangor's host with carol strain,  
Loud answered back the grand refrain,  
    Till hill and vale with Gospel rang.

And, from Iona, o'er the wave,  
The night winds bore an anthem grave,  
    Voiced with echo of mournful thrill,—  
As full he struck the chords where slumbered  
Those wierd tones, with sorrow numbered,  
    The exiled bard, great Columbkil !

On the lone cliff by ocean's waste,  
Where wild waves dash in stormy haste,  
    And, shiv'ring faint, along the strand  
The bard oft sat with yearning gaze,  
Fixed on th' distant shimmering haze  
    That veiled his own devoted land !

That land he loved, but should not see  
While life's vision spaced the canopy  
Of stars, or land, or water's flow ;  
Doomed by his kindred, and his creed,  
To expiate one wrongful deed,  
In a life of penitential woe.

Yet, in the dusk of funeral space,  
He, honored, rests in Christian peace,  
With kindred saints of lesser woe ;  
In that dear isle, his place of birth,—  
That sacred soil of all the earth,  
Where tears of faith do ever flow.

And wheresoe'er, on the wide earth,  
In riches high, or low in dearth,  
Th' Christian Celt, with Calvary's faith  
Deep in his heart, kneels at the Cross,—  
And sees in Chrism, Stole and Mass,  
The grace that leads to life in death.

## v.

Three hundred years of righteous peace  
Had blest the land, and filled with grace  
Her virtuous sons and daughters ;  
Three centuries since the Crosier waved  
O'er Tara's hallowed mount, and saved  
The emerald jewel 'mid waters—







From the dusk and surrounding gloom  
Of pagan rites and pagan doom,  
    To blaze and flash across the world,  
Its rays of Christian law and right,—  
Its beams of Christian love and light,  
    To all benighted souls imperilled.

Ah! golden round of happy years!  
Sad memory bemoans thee with tears,  
    And feeling wakes but only sighs,—  
My tremb'ling chords, with ling'ring tone,  
Dwell on thy glories half unknown,  
    With melody of higher skies.

When to the past I vision back,  
O'er buried shrines, and dimly track  
    The ruined altars of those days,  
When thy bards of supernal song  
Awoke the soul of echo strong,  
    To resound in future Christian lays.

The dearest songs thy poets sing,  
Are those which picture thee, and bring  
    To light some treasure of thy past,—  
To gild the page of modern story  
With a rarer golden glory,—  
    And brightly shine unto the last.

What nation hath such relics old,  
Such grand traditions to unfold,  
    As thee, O land of ancient store?

Thy Towers mark an age forgotten,  
Nor telleth aught of those begotten,  
Who capped their summits on thy shore.

Far primeval mystery is thine,  
None may the legend well define  
That bands thy mystic days of old ;  
Mayhap thy fairy peopled bawns,  
Were once the dingles green and lawns,  
Where first created beings strolled.

## VI.

How often, in far palmy days,  
I've sang to chiefs, a monarch's praise,—  
Through Brian's halls in liquid strains,  
Ere Clantarf's field was drenched with gore,  
And the old King was heard no more,  
Charging down the impious Danes.

Clantarf, field of triumph ! And yet,  
That day of glory, darkly set  
In woeful gloom and falling tears ; —  
When Brian fell, a monarch real,  
A victim to assassin's steel,  
A Christian victor at his prayers.

O Brian, King of lofty fame !  
Hero of fifty fields, thy name  
Is strength unto the soldier's heart ;

And thy glory nerves the warring front,  
When Irish blood withstands the brunt  
Of battle's fierce and deadly part.

I vision o'er the waste of time,  
I see thee in thy manhood's prime,—  
“Brian, the brave,” proud Erin's chief!  
In festive hall or tented field,  
Thy manly presence, still revealed  
The soldier-king of true belief.

Alas! where now those pageants grand?  
Their radiance shines in other land,  
Or lights the gloom in prison walls;  
And Saxon hordes, with reckless feet,  
Tread the green turf, and desecrate  
Kincora's dust and ruined halls.

Oh! fatal hour! when Dermot sought  
The Norman's aid, and foully brought  
A lingering curse to Erin's shore.  
For ages long, she's fought and bled,  
For ages long she's mourned her dead,  
Oh! Saints, can there be many more?

Can justice live and still be calm?  
Can pity see and give no balm  
To aching wounds, and lips athirst,—  
Those long, long years of biding wrong,  
Those dismal cycles of funereal song,  
Those centuries of woeful rest?

## VII.

How oft I muse, when shadows lie  
As daylight fades along the sky,  
Of thee, O island of sorrow?  
Epic song of vanished glory,  
Long, hapless isle of saddest story,—  
Land of night and cloudy morrow!

Oh! Erin dear, how dim thy fate!  
The broad seas have many a freight  
Of thy sad people, yearly borne  
To stranger climes in other lands,—  
To find a grave on foreign strands;  
Perchance, to suffer still and mourn.

Yet, in lands far remote from thee,  
In fields of toil, and on the sea,  
Thy hardy sons are in the van;  
And, in the forum, when the voice  
Tones ardent language, learning's choice,  
Trancing the listening ear of man—

And valor tells vivid story  
Of fadeless chaplets of glory,  
Circling brows of Celtic vein;  
Won by bold and vigorous steel,  
While riding on the warring keel;  
Or charging on the battle plain.

The valiant throb that thrills each breast,  
And nerves the soul in deeds of test,

On steady land or shifting sea—  
Is pulsed by memories of the past  
When Erin was a power blest,  
When Erin was a nation free!

In the lone watch at danger's post,  
Or 'mid the ranks of hostile host,

The past of Erin ever brings  
A thrill of pride, and sense of will,  
To dare and do, and living still,—  
Is th' gallant blood of Tara's Kings.

Oh! bright and gala days of yore!

Oh! halcyon days of happy lore,

In Erin's old historic tome!

Oh! when will ye again return,

And gild anew the mouldering urn

In lonely Tara's hallowed tomb?

---

## THE VESPER-BELL.

## I.

'Tis evening, in the hazy west afar,  
Where vision pauses on the rim of space,  
Glints the parting sun 'mid many a spar  
Of amber tint and curving line of grace,  
And cloudlets lie like sheaves of golden grain,  
All scattered o'er the ethereal plain.

## II.

Aslant, the crescent moon low in the east  
Sheds on the lipping wave a slender light,  
And the eve-star, with steady beam and chaste,  
Illumes the vista in the vale of night;  
And the flowers embalmed in sweetness lie,  
And the winds fold the leaves with autumn sigh.

## III.

Listen! now through the realm of pulsing air,  
The sacred Vesper-bell with cadence deep,  
Warns mankind 'tis the hallowed time of prayer,  
When angel choirs the harps of David sweep;  
Now bend the suppliant knee, oh, breathing earth!  
Now claim, oh, spirit, thy immortal birth.



## IV.

Faith kneels, and candles bless'd, with steady beam  
Reveal the chancel gems and pictured walls,  
And priests anointed, as pale visions, seem  
Waiting meekly until the Saviour calls ;  
Waving incense pure with adoring word,  
Before the altar white, footstool of God.

## V.

Oh, Vesper-bell ! revered for ages hearsed,  
What memories live in thy ancient tone ?  
For long cycles of time hath thy tongue rehearsed,  
In various climes around the world's zone,  
The Gospel teachings of the martyred dead,  
The eternal Creed of the living God.

## VI.

On heights, in valleys parched 'neath burning suns,  
On plains of snow, on Alpine hills of ice,—  
Where'er green herbage grows and water runs,  
And Christian sage hath dwelt, thy mission'd voice  
To many a fainting soul hath given  
Hope on earth and promised joy in heaven.

## VII.

Ah ! many a dream thou hast known fulfilled,  
And many a joy forever blighted ;  
And many a tear from the heart distilled,  
And many a smile on lips delighted ;

And the dust embalmed, and the tombless clay  
Of monarch and beggar all pass away.

## VIII.

Thou hast witness'd many a bridal twain,  
    Flushed with hope life's checkered mount ascending,  
And hast heard full many a sad refrain  
    O'er coffined earth, in earth descending;  
And hast known prodigal sons forgiven,  
And hast knelled many a saint to heaven.

## IX.

Oh! Bell of Rome! Rome the mitred city,—  
    Tomb of Pontiffs and of Father Saints,  
Nursery of prayer, and gospel equity;  
    High pillar'd on thy hills, thy learning paints  
Throughout the Christian world of divinity,  
The eternal glory of the Trinity.

## X.

Oh! Bell of Faith! faith anthem of the soul!  
    Peal on and on thy creed's paternity,  
And sound thy octaves harmonic, and roll  
    The symphony on to far eternity;  
And knell creation's time allotted span,  
And toll the last, last passing soul of man.

TRACE A STONE TO EMMET'S GLORY.

I.

Can this be Erin, once so great,  
But now the footstool of her foe?  
Is this the land where soldiers wait,  
Yet feel the culprit tyrant's blow?

II.

Statesmen brave and eloquent of speech,  
Have sued for justice all in vain;  
Years but weld more links to reach,  
With galling rust in Erin's chain.

III.

Language hath power, but the sword  
Well pointed, and the fierce rattle  
Of leaden bullets, thickly poured,  
Will shatter chains in freedom's battle.

IV.

He, who would be free, must suffer,  
Nor fear to fill an early grave;  
But, still dread alone the proffer,  
That bids him live and be a slave.

## V.

The heart that's true, when Country calls  
Her Sons to right her bleeding wrongs,  
If in her cause its lifeblood falls,  
Will live a hero in her songs.

## VI.

What cenotaph, or tomb revealed,  
Hath force to rouse to high desire,  
Like that where rests in earth concealed,  
A heart that glowed with freedom's fire?

## VII.

The proudest lines that mark the grave,  
Are those which tell, how in the van  
A soldier fought, and truly brave,  
He fell defending rights of man.

## VIII.

Oh! for the light of Boru's sword!  
To flash again, ere hope expires.  
Oh! for the clans who heard his word,  
To light again the signal fires!

## IX.

Can ye, oh, sons of heroes dead,  
See foemen camp upon your hills?  
Has Erin's pride and valor fled,  
Is there no sword to right her ills?

X.

Where are the brave who front the strife,  
In other climes and on the deep?  
Will they not bleed, aye yield up life,  
To guard th' turf where their fathers sleep?

XI.

Do old traditions wake no more  
The Irish heart to bravery?  
Will it espouse another shore  
And leave its own to slavery?

XII.

No! die the thought that such could be;—  
The Irish heart is throbbing still  
With pulse as brave, and nerve as free,  
As when her Chiefs held Tara's hill.

XIII.

Oh! ye who have a lineal right,  
To Erin's soil, and Erin's story;  
Arise! arise in gallant might,  
And trace a stone to Emmet's glory!

---

## YOUNG WINNIE OF THE BAWN.

We met,—'twas when the rowans bloom,  
Down by a streamlet flowing,  
Along the vale in vernal plume,  
And flowers sweetly blowing ;  
And fair was she and dear to me,  
And, proud was I in loving,  
The sweetest maid that ever strayed  
O'er purple heath, the sky beneath,—  
Young Winnie of the bawn.

We sat beneath the rowan bloom,  
A tale of love confiding,  
Till stars lit up the dewy gloom,  
And streamlet softly gliding ;  
And, she was fond, and dear the bond  
That bound my heart in loving,  
The sweetest maid that ever strayed  
O'er purple heath, the sky beneath,—  
Young Winnie of the bawn.

Long years have flown and rowans blown,  
Since that fair eve of loving,  
And fairer scenes I may have known,  
In lands where I've been roving ;

Yet, living still, is every thrill  
That bound my heart in loving,  
The sweetest maid that ever strayed  
O'er purple heath, the sky beneath,—  
Young Winnie of the bawn.

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## EVENING IN AUTUMN.

## I.

Daylight departs beyond the burnished hills,  
And wandering winds, with soft vesper tone,  
Murmur through forests brown and russet dells,  
While slants along the gorgeous western zone  
The lingering sunset tints, and afar  
And brightening gleams the fair evening star.

## II.

Where'er the vision rests, with learning gaze,  
Far as the eye can reach the landscape round,  
There lightly hangs an amethyst veil of haze,  
O'er cliff and tree, o'er fen and rolling ground.  
Mild Autumn's humid breath of scented air  
Embalms the dying summer everywhere.

## III.

Now the feasted herds are homeward tending,  
With lagging pace along the old by-lane,  
And the milkmaid sings with a happy blending  
Of sorrow and gladness, some old love strain,  
As on bended knee, in the homestead vale,  
Flows the pure sweet milk in her milking pail.



## IV.

In the orchards ripe hang fruit all mellow,  
With sun-freckled cheeks that blush and dimple,  
Amid clustered leaves, just turning yellow,  
Scarlet bright, and sorrel tipped, and purple;  
And bees are busy among the flowers,  
In sweet clover glens and woodland bowers.

## V.

In the hedges sparse, and in the fallow  
The brown and drowsy insects loll and buzz;  
While within the wilted stubble furrow,  
And in the sedges, and 'neath the tangled furze,  
The quick and nimble-footed crickets fill  
The ambient air with chirpings fast and shrill.

## VI.

Through lowland grove and through the mountain  
pine  
The fleet and frisky squirrels a-nutting go;  
In brakes and dusky tracts the glow-worms shine,  
And wary spiders, darting to and fro,  
Through shreds and ragged webs, intently peer  
On the fast-fading wreaths round summer's bier.

## VII.

Hark, upon the slopes the west winds whistle,  
And arouse, as with a start, the listless trees,  
And lift the down from the nodding thistle

With fondling touch and gentle cooing breeze,  
Adown the slants the dry leaves leap and twirl  
In many a tricky and fantastic curl.

## VIII.

Lo ! yonder, where the crescent valley dips,  
And the old church stands on a rising mound ;  
Its tall gray spire in the eve's eclipse,  
Casting a shadow on the graves around ;  
And flitting swallows are twittering low  
A loving farewell ere they southward go.

## IX.

Mark where that aged willow, drooping sad,  
Spans the shorn glebe with shadow long and cool ;  
And stately reeds lean o'er the yielding sod  
That brinks the stream and shimmering liquid  
pool,—  
Where swanlets, regal in their downy white,  
Seek covert 'neath the willow for the night.

## X.

Hard-by, in forest shade, a cottage stands,  
Home-like, with rural porch of quaint design,  
All braided o'er with chaplets green, and strands  
Of creepers, and many a clinging vine,  
And garlands rare, twined with a maiden's skill,  
Festoon the door and old-time window-sill.

XI.

There sit two lovers, in twilight glory,  
Hand clasped in hand, bright eyes beaming tender,  
Fond lips whispering the old, old story,  
Of hearts well mated, that naught may sunder;  
Not e'en the dismal wave that washes o'er  
The stranded wrecks on Lethe's silent shore.

XII.

Happy they! O *lover* strong! be thou the oak,  
With brave and sheltering arms extended;  
And *she*, the clinging vine. Nor Time revoke  
Those pledges now in union blended,—  
Those vows of loyal faith and trusting love,  
Those bonds of earth, and sainted souls above.

XIII.

'Tis twilight on the dim, receding hills;  
Vesper star of many a prayer and sigh  
Beams fondly on the mute and pausing rills,  
Where, brightly mirrored, all her glories lie,—  
And lights the russet banks where twilight lingers,  
Caressing still the leaves with dewy fingers.

XIV.

Now comes the farmer stout, a-whistling loud,  
From harvest field of fruitful harvest toil;  
With careless mien, and sturdy step and proud,

He treads the beaten path o'er crispy soil ;  
Mayhap his sweetheart on the stile is waiting  
To exchange the evening kiss and greeting.

## XV.

Or, haply, yonder, where a fitful torch  
Just dimly lights the crystal window-pane,  
A comely wife waits on the homestead porch  
To welcome him back to her heart again,—  
In her arms clasped a sprightly cooing boy,  
The household pet, and father's fondest joy.

## XVI.

Full proud is he, as prince of any realm ;  
A prince in truth is he,—a freeman born—  
He guides his bark of state, the plough his helm,  
His shield and banner proud, the waving corn ;  
His subjects, cattle kind, and growing fields ;  
His income, just the crop the harvest yields.

## XVII.

'Tis night ; the dew leans heavy on the leaves,  
And languid toil and labor seek repose ;  
The sickle rests among the banded sheaves,  
And the last wild flowers their sweet lips close,  
The night bird's song from out the valley copse  
Floats smoothly along the echoing slopes.

ISLE OF MY BIRTH, I GREET THEE!

From other climes I've journey'd far,  
Over stormy seas, and drear,  
To rest on thee my native soil,—  
Sad land of the falling tear;  
Some years have gone with boyhood's dream,  
That dream, the dearest only,  
Since from thy shores, a cheerless boy,  
I wandered far and lonely.  
Isle of my birth, I greet thee!  
Glad is my heart to meet thee,—  
Land of the Shamrock, Erin astore!

Many a scene and change I've known,  
Beneath other skies than thine;  
Many a hope I've seen fulfilled,—  
And many a joy was mine;  
While straying long o'er foreign sands,  
In happier lands, and free,  
Yet, through each scene, my fondest dream,  
Was ever, dear land, of thee.  
Isle of my birth, I greet thee!  
Glad is my heart to meet thee,—  
Land of the Shamrock, Erin astore!

From glories bright in ages gone,  
A lingering spark still burns,  
And lights the gloom, that clouds the turf  
Where rest thy patriots' urns ;  
Each heart that claims thy sacred soil  
Its birthplace, and its glory,  
Looks back with pride where'er it goes,  
To their valor, high in story.  
Isle of my birth, I greet thee !  
Glad is my heart to meet thee,—  
Land of the Shamrock, Erin astore !

No lapse of time, or chance can change,  
The wanderer's soul from loving  
Thy altars old, thy virtues grand,  
Thy genial ways of living ;  
Long years of wrong and suffering sad,  
Have traced thy page with sorrow,  
Yet, hope ! life's blest and radiant star,  
Reveals a brighter morrow.  
Isle of my birth, I greet thee !  
Glad is my heart to meet thee,—  
Land of the Shamrock, Erin astore !

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ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I.

Evening was, and silence,—  
A shadow came where the white brow rested;  
Two folded hands, a parting smile,—  
The angel of death caressed it.

II.

Two light wings pass the stars,—  
Two white wings folded at the Right Hand;  
Harps of David, a welcome sing,—  
The guileless dove from mortal land.

III.

One being less to grieve,—  
One mortal less to be forgiven;  
One treasure less on earth's domain,—  
One sweet spirit more in heaven.

IV.

Weep not an angel's flight,—  
Oh! parents fond, sister dear and brother;  
If tears must fall, be they of joy,—  
Th' child is with our Mary Mother.

## O'CONNELL.

While travelling by the Mediterranean tide,  
In land beyond his own, O'Connell died,—  
His heart intent on Christian Rome, to yield  
His breath where Peter preached, a God revealed.  
He would not see the land he loved so well  
Suffer for bread, or hear the doleful knell—  
Of death, where Famine's grim and yawning grave  
Engulfed the hearts he prized, but could not save.  
He died, alas! of a grief-stricken heart,—  
That high priest of thought and most classic art,  
In eloquence, pleading just and humane laws,  
The champion leader in his country's cause.  
A being of power, whose voice could wake  
Heroic thrills in breast of youth, and break  
The weary thrall of age, and cause to flow  
Afresh the vital tide when hope was low.  
A patriot ever true, whose ardent spell  
Could unite his people and discord quell;  
A man of peace, who upon Tara's hill,  
Marshalled thousands who waited but his will.  
A hero on the hustings, first in front  
To battle for his country, and bear the brunt  
Of hostile thrusts from purple-guarded foes,  
A giant fearless of united blows.



Foes he had, and many, but he did brave  
The bigot's angry taunt, and still forgave,  
The pedant's smirk and sophist's covert smile,  
And rabid mouthings of opponents vile.  
With patience firm, in face of marked injustice,  
He waited long the laggard pace of justice ;  
No doubt could dim, nor praise could mar the fitness  
And refulgent glory of his greatness.  
No titled lord was he, nor gartered knight !  
Yet prince of men, indeed, was he in might ;  
No satellite was he, with sordid reach,  
Fawning on power with well-guarded speech.  
But soldier brave, still foremost in the fight  
Against oppression, and battle for the right,—  
Of conscience to worship as faith dictates,  
And have a voice in laws that rule estates.  
Evident in person, in purpose grand !  
To yield, he knew not, nor to give his hand  
Where long perjured trust with its faithless grasp, \*  
Imprisoned honor's verdict in golden clasp.  
Self, he knew not, when in the balance stood  
The isle of his birth, and her people's good ;  
No toil too great, nor danger feared his soul,  
His very foes were mute to his control.  
Noble in bearing, and in virtue strong,  
He stood unmoved and spoke amid a throng  
Of Saxon peers, in Saxon halls, a Celt,  
Courageous, phrasing language, keenly felt.  
Not his to swerve, or pale at frowning rage  
Of premier high in gift, nor ermined sage ;

But mocked the pomp of bloated loyalty,  
To puppet scions of tarnished royalty.  
Nor courage lacked, to risk and forfeit life,  
On field of war, in gory battle strife ;  
If such would shape the end, and he could see  
That crimson flow would leave his country free.  
His heart was big to compass projects great,—  
Nor baffled paused, when frowned the darkest fate,  
Mastering problems deep, and testing force  
Of jurisdiction, and its legal source.  
His depth of knowledge, and well-balanced mind,  
With lucid reasoning, showed well defined,—  
The point, where statute-bans should be repealed,  
And ranting ingrates drop the bigot's shield.  
Taught by the precepts of his mother creed,  
And his own will to give a righteous meed,—  
No due he bartered, where the cause was just,  
Nor cancelled faith, nor bond of earnest trust.  
Steadfast in principle, in acts persistent,—  
Still liberal in views, and all consistent,  
He gave his means to those who sought his aid,  
Nor question asked the church in which they prayed.  
Brilliant in statesmanship, and far seeing—  
The gist of edicts, with good agreeing ;  
Great in logic, as fluent speech, his word  
Went forth and far, and all the nations heard.  
Wise in law to council, dauntless in tone,  
He bearded power on its very throne,  
And from its jewelled hand of tardy inclination,  
Took signet stamp of church emancipation.

He found his land in tears, by woe oppressed,  
The dupe of perfidy, by wrong distressed ;  
A house of gloom, with smoldering altar-fires,  
The Gael a slave in the land of his sires.  
No sword he raised, but by the force of thought,  
He conquered men, and gained the end he sought ;  
Fit victory for a cause, the most divine,  
No tragic end, no grave, nor gory sign.  
Is there among the number, who have passed  
To silence, in the dim and unknown vast  
Of future, one, whose living genius shown,  
On such glory gained by force of speech alone ?  
Is there on lettered page historic, a name  
More bright, more greatly dear to lasting fame,  
Than his, the brave, the gifted vindicator,  
Old Erin's pride ! old Erin's liberator ?  
His memory lives ! and o'er his honored dust,  
The patriot pilgrim learns to hope and trust ;  
While tears bedew the turf above his head,  
And millions bless the Lord's anointed dead.

---

## BEYOND THE DARK.

Beyond the dark there's always light,  
To dry the saddest tears ;  
The heart that weeps in darkest night  
May smile as day appears.  
We must have cloud, however dun,  
And, season's change and scene,  
The rain must fall, and shine the sun,  
To make the summer green.

The bale we suffer does but give  
To joy a sweeter cruse ;  
The crosses in the life we live  
Make life of better use.  
God wills to bloom the barren heath,  
Where winter scattered snow ;  
The grain we reap, the floral wreath,  
And all things best below.

## AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight damp ! Utter silence reigns !  
And darkness dense and black as ebon  
Clasps the earth, as if in terror, and strains  
It to her dumb lips and pulseless heart !  
I hearken ; no tone of peace, nor strife  
Wanders thro' the empire of blackness !  
'Tis as if the vital spark of life  
Hath smothered in the all dreadful gloom !  
I marvel if mankind's after doom  
Hath silence questionless in the tomb !  
Oh, I'm sick of this quiet,—this dearth  
Of light and sound ! I wish some live thing  
Would stir, e'en a cricket on the hearth,  
Or spider dust his web on the wall !

## IN MARCH.

## I.

At morn I saw the cold white snow  
O'erspread the hill-side, lawn, and lea,  
Sombre clouds hearse the sky, the sea  
In foam dash on the cliffs below,  
And harsh winds shake the leafless tree.

## II.

At noon I saw the foamless wave,  
With placid motion, reach the strand,  
And kiss the tiny shells with bland  
And languid pouting lip, and lave  
The crescent drift of yellow sand.

## III.

At eve I saw the leafless tree,  
In dreamy pause, stand motionless ;  
The sky serene, deep blue and cloudless ;  
The snow on hill-side, lawn, and lea,  
Touched to tears, in earth sink viewless.

## IV.

At right I saw the myriad stars  
Look keenly down, thro' crispy air,  
On the cheerless earth, brown and bare,  
And freezing winds with icy bars  
Span the wave, and frost th' willow's hair.

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## THE VALLEYS WHERE THE SHAM- ROCKS GROW.

### I.

There may be lands where dawning breaks,  
     In grandeur far surpassing ;  
 There may be lands where broader lakes  
     Reflect the glory passing ;  
 There may be lands of noons more bright,  
     And sunset scenes more glowing ;  
 There may be lands where stars give light  
     On valleys greener growing ;—  
 Yet, there is no land that man can know  
 Like the valleys where the Shamrocks grow.

### II.

There may be lands of richer bloom,  
     And fields of greater treasure ;  
 There may be lands where birds of plume  
     Give songs of sweeter measure ;  
 There may be lands where harvest yields  
     More golden sheafs for gleaning ;  
 There may be lands where the sickle wields  
     More potent force, and meaning ;—  
 Yet, there is no land that man can know  
 Like the valleys where the Shamrocks grow.



III.

There may be lands where gracious wiles  
Entice the heart to duty ;  
There may be lands where virtue smiles,  
And maidens blush in beauty ;  
There may be lands of fairer scenes,  
And temples high and holy ;  
There may be lands where homestead means  
A sacred place, though lowly ;—  
Yet, there is no land that man can know  
Like the valleys where the Shamrocks grow.

IV.

There may be lands of prouder hills  
And forests wilder growing ;  
There may be lands of clearer rills  
And rivers deeper flowing ;  
There may be lands of brighter hopes  
And many joys and dearer ;  
There may be lands where future opes  
With promise fair and nearer ;—  
Yet, there is no land that man can know  
Like the valleys where the Shamrocks grow.

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THAT WILD BEACH WHERE MY OWN  
COT STANDS.

I ponder and the past reflects  
    In the mirror of thought and there  
I see the shadowy objects  
    That once were all my bosom's care.

Old memories fond now silent long  
    And forgotten, with feeling tongue  
Speak to my heart in language strong  
    Of sunny days when I was young ;

In mine own land, my childhood's home,  
    Far o'er the blue Atlantic wave ;  
By the wild beach where billows foam,  
    And dark rocks stand, and wild winds rave.

I'll sing a song of saddest truth ;  
    My heart will voice the simple lay  
Of scenes I prized in early youth,  
    And friends I know not of to-day.

Full many summer suns have cast  
    Their lights and shadows on the fern,  
Since last I saw the emerald crest  
    Shining on the hills of Erin.

Since then what changes there must be  
In the old land of trust and prayer,  
The home of faith's broad litany,  
The isle of love and virtue rare.

Ah, sad the will and sad the thought  
That bears me back to youthful days ;  
Ah, sad the scene and changed the Cot  
Where I have sung my boyish lays.

An alien's hand is on the latch,  
And strangers sit within the door ;  
Even the sparrows in the thatch  
Are not the little friends of yore.

Old friends are gone ; some found a grave  
Where blooms the heath 'neath dewy turf ;  
Whilst others sleep where waters wave,  
And ocean billows break in surf ;

And some are roaming on the sand  
That rims the sea on foreign shore ;  
That shining beach, that sunny land,  
Which valiant freemen most adore.

I marvel if there is to-day  
One kindred soul, who would extend  
The hand of joy, and kindly say  
A hearty " Welcome back, old friend ! "

Were I to cross the wat'ry waste  
Of the broad ocean's pathless way,  
And kiss once more the very dust  
That crumbles on my native clay ;

Perchance some schoolmates still exist  
Who'd know the lad of truant ways,  
Who journeyed to the golden West,  
In the winter of hapless days ;

Some careless playmate in the past,  
Now wiser grown through years of care,  
Who joyed with me, and often cast  
His fate with mine to do and dare ;

Who'd still remember the old time,  
Th' days so short and free of trouble ;  
When life seemed all a tuneful rhyme,  
And glory a shining bubble

To grasp at will ; if e'er we thought,  
'Twas time to rise and bravely cope  
For fame, that breath so dearly bought  
By many a pang and blasted hope.

Ofttimes I see, in wandering dream,  
The rushes trim and tangled gorse  
That verge the brink of river stream  
Along its inland winding course,

To where it meets the briny wave,  
    With tuneful song and freshening kiss,  
To find its kindred in the grave  
    Of the Atlantic's dark abyss.

Brave Atlantic! how I love thee,  
    The wild rhythm of thy billow  
Was my childhood's first lullaby  
    And in dreams still lull my pillow.

How oft I hear thy sturdy blast,  
    Scudding along with noisy whiff,  
Or singing low some song of rest  
    Cradled upon the "Rostral Cliff."

And oft I hear thy breakers sob  
    Upon the bosom of the strand,  
And see them, in their dying throb,  
    Expire along the yellow sand;

By the old bridge with arches tall,  
    That span the brackish stream below,  
The Chapel, with the brown sea-wall  
    To guard it from the current's flow;

That Chapel, where a child I knelt  
    And whispered faith's essential vow;  
That house of God where first I felt  
    The Cross of Rome upon my brow.

Glad sighs are mine when I ponder  
On boyhood's faith and boyhood's joy ;  
Sad sighs are mine when I wander  
In the land of dreams as a boy ;

And I awake but to recall  
Old memories of Bundoran,  
The cliffs, the waves, the wonders all,  
Around the house where I was born.

Guided by my wandering star  
I've seen fair spots in stranger lands,  
Yet dear to me,—ah dearer far,—  
That wild beach where my own Cot stands.

---

TO A MAIDEN AT PRAYER.

Maiden, thou art solemn ! Thy pensive mien  
Inspires a calm, deep feeling of sadness  
Such as one feels when night's serene-eyed queen  
Sheds on the hushed world a midnight paleness.  
Bland visaged Melancholy gives in faith  
A something sacred to the mortal brow,  
Round which she softly twines her pale, sad wreath—  
Thine, indeed, appears most heavenly now,  
As thy pure thoughts, like pellucid streamlets,  
Unsullied flow their meek and sinless way,  
Reflecting Paradise in their wavelets ;  
And beams thine eye with faith when thou dost pray,  
On bended knee before the holy shrine,  
With white hands raised a suppliant divine.

## AT SEA.

When wintry blast sweeps chill and fast  
Creation o'er,  
And drives each "mast" on ocean cast,  
From shore to shore,

God save the "tar" who, from afar,  
Looks to his land,  
And becks Hope's star from drifting spar  
With trembling hand.

His bride may stand by the wild strand  
With pallid cheek,  
And outstretched hand with pressure bland  
To clasp his neck.

Oh ! hear her cries, thou God allwise,  
And merciful !  
To her sad eyes the big tears rise—  
Ah, how mournful !

Go, lisp, oh wind ! with accents kind,  
In his sad ear,  
These words, destined to cheer his mind,  
And banish fear :



“God heard thy bride when loud she cried  
    To Him in prayer,  
To save her pride—her husband tried—  
    Long loved and dear !

“And bade us waft that white-winged craft  
    Gliding o’er the sea,  
One league abaft thy wave-lapped raft,  
    To succor thee !”

---

## I WOULD FORGET THEE.

To ——.

I would forget thee, and dispel  
Thine image from my bosom's shrine,  
But naught will break the mystic spell  
That links thy being still with mine.

I know 'tis vain to dream of love ;  
I know our lives can never meet.  
Where equal love can trusting prove  
A bond through life, and sweet.

I'd prize thee less if I could will ;  
I've tried to banish thoughts of thee ;  
Yet, something holds me captive still,  
When I would wander and be free.

I've tried to lose 'mid scenes of mirth  
All tender thoughts of thee and thine ;  
But cannot find a joy on earth,  
To change this wayward heart of mine.

'Tis not thy voice, though sweetly dear,  
Nor yet thy smile, though winning still ;  
'Tis not thine eyes, though bright and clear,  
That hold my heart whate'er I will.

'Tis not thy beauty's varied tint,  
Nor yet thy grace of form and mien ;  
It is some essence strangely sent  
From innate glory, all unseen,

To mingle with the vital flow  
Of inner life, and be a part  
Of dreams celestial, and the glow  
Of chastened beauties in my heart.

And yet, we two must live, and be  
As strangers seem to the world's view ;  
While burns deep what I cannot flee,  
A passion Time can ne'er undo.

'Tis well, if thou art free of pain,  
And have no past to say, repent ;  
I can but mourn dead hopes, and vain,  
And wait the grave to find content.

---

## THE OUTCAST.

In dusk of thought and deeply fraught  
    With sadness,  
She lonely stood by the wild flood,  
And her sad eyes and heavy sighs,  
Told her past life was weary strife  
    With destiny ;  
Told life had been in every scene  
A gulf of fears, a stream of tears,  
Bridged o'er with sighs and doleful cries  
    Of misery.

She raised her hand like snowy wand,  
And touched her brow, as if some vow  
Veiled in mystery with her history,  
    Lingered there ;  
Then raised her eyes unto the skies  
With pleading fear and falling tear,  
Where evening's star shone bright afar,  
    And glorious,—  
When from her lips, through woe's eclipse,  
A whisper came of His dear name,  
Who felt the tomb to save from doom  
    The sinner.

Yet gazed awhile, and then a smile  
Of eager light rose in her sight,  
When fell her glance to low expanse  
    Of waters ;  
Where sunset lay on silver spray  
Of ripples tossed, where limit crossed,  
There found pillow on the billow,  
    And the wave  
Embraced her clay and washed away  
    Her sadness.

---

## TO B. A. N——.

Dearest girl, of all within the call  
Of memory,  
Oft on pensive air I breathe a prayer,  
Fond for thee.

Light be thy footfalls, when suffering calls  
To duty,  
And thy smile still light the weary's sight  
With beauty.

Sweetly rise thy prayers, when worldly cares  
Are tearful,  
And thy voice the sad make always glad  
And cheerful.

Smoothly glide the stream of thy life's dream,  
Still proving  
Thy fond truthful eyes are bright with joys  
Of loving.

And be each sorrow joy to-morrow,  
Thro' thy days,  
And may beads of hope still gem the scope  
Of thy ways.

## DERMOD THE SAGE.

What tho' I have no land, nor gold to share ;  
What tho' it has not been my life-long care  
While gadding round this lusty ball of mud  
And slush, and mountain crisp, and briny flood,  
To flaunt a royal badge and garter wear,  
And have my name enlist the mighty ear  
Of ruling King high on the throne of state ;—  
Nor satellites, who deem themselves as great,  
Have asked : Ah, pray, what speaks his pedigree ?  
His ancestors, were they of high degree ?  
Is he by lineage long of noble blood,  
Or brat descended of the vulgar herd ?

## I.

The west wind dipped and pausing low  
Whispered to the leaves and the flow  
Of waters limpid and the deep  
Lay hushed in calm and dreamless sleep,  
And the russet sedge bending low  
Kissed its image in the crystal flow,  
And clover blossoms scented hair  
Filled with fragrance the ambient air.

## II.

It was sometime past midsummer,  
When the sun begins to glimmer  
Thro' a hazy veil of glory,  
On the mountains tall and hoary,  
On the valleys low and teeming  
With the wealth of summer's gleanings,  
On the grain more golden growing,  
And the reapers steady mowing.

## III.

Ere autumn winds shout on the hills  
And moan thro' forests drear, and rills  
Have hushed their summer songs, and birds  
Have flown to warmer climes, nor words  
Of love and hope, 'neath vernal shade,  
On dewy glebe in silent glade,  
Are whispered low by fond lover  
To maiden fair at dusky hour.

## IV.

At noon's decline, when lightly trips  
The gentle Eve, with dewy lips,  
Adown the hill-side, thro' the vale,  
The shady nook, the leafy dale,  
Wooing the wild flowers, cooling  
The sick brow, the sad heart soothing,  
Breathing rest to the toiling hand,  
Pouting the lips with language bland.



## V.

On granite rock, in quiet glen  
Far distant from the clash and din  
Of jostling life, and the rough jar  
Of worldly shocks, and the loud war  
Of passions fell, fierce contending  
For earthly dross, and the rending  
Hiss, hiss, of husky panting strife  
On the surging billow of life;—

## VI.

Sat Dermod old, with brow serene,  
And scanty locks of silver sheen,  
Fair was his mein, though poor his lot;  
And lowly stood the rustic cot,  
Where he had passed his humble days  
In honest pride, and thankful praise  
To the God of earth and heaven,  
For the blessings many given.

## VII.

He gazed upon the ancient trees  
Where gay birds sang their evening glees;  
He gazed upon the purling brook,  
The mossy brink, the ivy nook;  
He gazed along the valley green,  
And on the hill-top's verdant scene;  
Then roaming high o'er heaven vast,  
His vision lingered on the west,

## VIII.

Where the low sun, with glowing light,  
Lit up a crescent cloud, and bright  
Floods poured of garnet hue, and roll'd  
Along the sky great waves of gold,  
And Evening sat with auburn hair  
Full-flowing, and her mystic air  
Foreshadow'd silence, and the light  
To vanish in the shades of night ;

## IX.

He sigh'd, a long and feeling sigh,  
And passed across his humid eye  
His feeble hand with absent air,  
And stroked anon his snow-white hair ;  
Then from his pale and parted lips  
There cadence came, softly as dips  
The muffled oar in placid lake,  
With measured pause, and slow he spake :—

## X.

“ Thus sets the sun of life, when man  
Lays down this tuft of earth, this wan  
And weary pulp of flesh, in peace,  
And can bequeath unto his race  
The record of his errand here  
With man, his brother frail, nor fear  
The darkness of the tomb, nor dread  
The awful sentence of the dead.

## XI.

“’Tis a glorious eve, how calm  
Earth sits ; the winds slumber, and balm  
Of summer’s fragrance-breathing sighs,  
Floats on lambent wing ; nor lies  
There a jet on heaven’s expanse ;—  
All is tranquillity—a trance  
Serene of celestial feature  
Wraps the pausing ear of nature !

## XII.

“How oft I’ve seen, at break of day,  
The dawning sun o’er yonder brae,  
Clad with brown and blossoming heath,  
Look on the silent vale beneath ;  
And oft at eve I’ve sat me here,  
And gloried in his high career,  
As slow he sank to noble rest  
O’er yonder hill which marks the west.

## XIII.

“Then when night came in twilight hood,  
And shadow cast o’er land and flood,  
Oft have I linger’d till the moon  
Told on the gnomon night’s pale noon,  
With watchful eyes and sleepless mind,  
Pondering on the undefined  
Secrets of the soul’s citadel,  
When the flesh moulders in its cell.

## XIV.

“But here life ends—my journey’s o’er—  
My sands are told—ah, nevermore  
Shall I behold the rising sun,  
Nor gaze at eve, when toil is done,  
On the bright and glorious sky,  
Nor on earth’s bloom of many dye;  
Nor song of birds, to me so dear,  
May greet my soul thro’ mortal ear!

## XV.

“My aged bark is drifting fast  
On the doubtful shore of the vast  
Stern island of eternity,  
There to learn the unknown mystery  
Of death, and the home of spirits—  
That dwelling each soul inherits  
On that strand where Lethe’s ocean  
Rolls its waves with noiseless motion.

## XVI.

“This moss-girt rock, my faithful seat,  
The friendly birds that carol sweet  
Upon these long familiar boughs,  
The guileless lambs that prank and browse,  
Along those verdure-tufted braes,  
You brook which chants eternal praise,  
Will miss my presence when gray morn  
Proclaims another day is born.”

## XVII.

Here Dermod paused awhile, and low  
Upon his hand reclined his brow,  
While within his quivering breast  
A fount of feeling long suppress'd,  
Welled up, and from his moisten'd eye  
One drop rolled down upon a sigh  
To earth, and trembled in the moss,  
When thus again resumed his voice :—

## XVIII.

“Take it, Nature! that tear is thine!  
While the tendrils of life doth twine  
Around my spirit, my heart's pulse  
Shall throb to thee with fond impulse;—  
When o'er my fainting bosom roll'd  
Wild waves of passion, thou hast told  
My heart be quiet, and hast led  
My wandering thoughts unto God;

## XIX.

“And hast said, ‘Lo, I am the creed  
Of saints! Look on my scroll, and read  
This truth—a pilgrim's sentiment  
Who begged for bread, but was content;’  
The poor, lean-visaged mendicant,  
Jaded and staggering of want,  
Whipp'd by his rags and poverty,  
To kiss th' spare-hand of charity,

## XX.

“Thro’ summer’s calm and winter’s storm,  
Lays down at night his weary form  
On his straw bed, and takes repose  
In softer sleep—his dreams disclose  
More joy, and brighter visions far,  
If beams within his heart that star  
Which lights the soul’s imprisonment—  
That ray of heaven, sweet content—

## XXI.

“Than that man whose gold-belted garb  
Flings back the flash of heaven’s orb ;  
Whose couch is down ; whose nice palate  
Smaaks the best in plenty’s wallet ;  
Whose pallid brow and lips compress’d,  
And fretful mien and troubled rest,  
Proclaim the viper Discontent  
Infests the vital tenement.

## XXII.

“I do not mourn for life—we part  
In peace, good friends. No tear shall start  
When vision, nor sound, nor distance  
Hath a pulse in my existence,  
And the cold wing of sombre Death  
Fans my damp brow, and wafts the breath  
From these pale lips of weary clay,  
And drops the shroud o’er life’s long day.

XXIII.

“ I have lived my allotted span,  
And walked at ease when others ran  
With headlong speed, to grasp at what  
They could not reach, and never got ;  
Not that I lacked a bold desire  
To gain some position higher  
Than that the will of wayward fate  
Assigned me as my birthright state.

XXIV.

“ But I, being what some deride—  
A man of honor and of pride,  
Who gloried in an honest name  
More than the monument of fame,—  
I’ve dwelt in calm obscurity,  
’Mid scenes and forms of purity—  
A hermit odd, as people say,  
Far from the haunts where bask the gay.

XXV.

“ For in youth I learned but too well,  
How much the humble must excel  
In anything which tends to claim  
Distinction’s pass to wealth and fame ;  
And, if excelling, rarely reach  
The bauble from its lofty pitch,  
Unless in league with those who cheat  
Their upward flight to high estate.

## XXVI.

“There be such men, full many, too ;  
And I have known of them a few  
In my scarce dealings with the mass,  
Who hug to earth and earthly dross,  
Nor balk at deeds, so dark and fell,  
That one alone would warrant hell,  
To gain the prize—the luring spoil—  
The guerdon of their cursed toil ;

## XXVII.

“And cringe and fawn upon the host  
Of gluttled worms, who vainly boast  
Exalted rank and noble blood,  
Pure since the world’s ingulging flood,  
Which, if God’s naked truth was plain,  
Had its origin in the vein  
Of dastard base, or implicit,  
Servile whelp of love illicit.

## XXVIII.

“Worse : perchance a murderer’s hand  
Raised the lofty structure, and plan’d  
The heaven insulting tower  
Of their vanity and power ;  
Such are the lordly sons of might,  
Who claim the undisputed right  
To rule this flesh-lapped empire  
With ripping lash and fetters dire ;



## XXIX.

“And fling the bitter taunt of slave  
To her desponding sons, and rave—  
Such wast thou in thy mother’s womb—  
Such expire—shall be in the tomb—  
We are thy masters, our estate  
To rule ; thine to serve and entreat  
For daily crumbs—aye, existence !  
Raise not thou, with loud resistance,

## XXX.

“The rebel wail, nor in anguish  
Call for justice, when you languish  
Beneath the burden of our yoke,  
And thy rebellious heart is broke !  
Thy country hath no will—no voice—  
No flag—no triumph song—no choice  
Of laws—nor rights,—her marshal strains  
Are but the clank of shackle chains.

## XXXI.

“And scan, with eye of scorn, that man  
Who cannot boast a noble clan—  
Albeit to his high soul ’tis due  
That honor which belongs to few—  
The title Man—and they, how great  
In life, in high or low estate,  
In grief or joy, ’tis all the same,  
The Man ! will still deserve his name.”

## XXXII.

Again pale Dermot paused ; his eye  
With waning vision wandered high,  
Where the young moon, with friendly ray,  
Upon a slender drift of gray  
And dappled clouds, that lay at rest  
Far in the distant slanting east,  
Sat lightly midst the ether blue,  
Lighting the niche of dusky hue ;

## XXXIII.

Where night's brown queen, with rayless eye  
In dankish robes of tawny dye,  
Sat brooding 'lone in muffled woe,  
Her loose locks tossing to and fro—  
When thus again, in accents weak,  
His pallid lips essayed to speak,  
Faint was his utterance, and slow  
His language fell, with cadence low ;—

## XXXIV.

“ Oh, Father of Life ! I thank Thee  
For the blessings, many, thy free  
And bounteous will hath bestow'd  
On my pilgrimage o'er the road  
Of devious life, and the balm  
Of honest slumber, and the calm  
Of sweet contentment's soothing peace  
Thou hast bid my soul embrace.

## XXXV.

“ Ah, what is pleasure but a lust,—  
A burning fever and a thirst  
Allay’d in sweetly tinctured wine,  
Which turns to wormwood or brine,  
Leaving a nauseous sediment,  
And a weary, dull impediment  
Within the feeble pulsing vein,  
And throbbing heart and aching brain.

## XXXVI.

“ When I am gone, none can defame  
My humble but unsullied name ;  
That thought alone imparts more rest  
And quiet hope to this, my last  
Declining hour, than all the show  
Of honor mortals can bestow,  
With mourning badge, and tutor’d voice,  
Loud canting eulogies of choice,

## XXXVII.

“ And polished slab, with letter’d face,  
Or shaft high raised in ether space,  
Crowned with wreath of laurel, or graced  
With hope, or grief, or patience, traced  
With power, by artistic hand,  
A monument of worth, to stand  
The test of time, a finger-post  
Denoting vanity and dust.

## XXXVIII.

“Farewell, a kind farewell, O Earth !  
My true and patient nurse since birth ;  
Most faithful hast thou kept thy trust  
In life, and soon will guard my dust.  
All fair and fruitful be thy hills,  
And vales, and thy streams, and thy rills,  
And thy winds, syllable but peace  
To my sad and suffering race.

## XXXIX.

“And thou, too, farewell, O Nature !  
My guide, monitor, and teacher,  
Memory fails, and thy lessons fade,  
And thy stars seem in far off shade  
Of clouded elements, and night  
Of death is on my waning sight ;  
My sands are told, my mission’s done !  
Father, receive thy weary son !”

## XL.

He ceased ; a breeze then passing by,  
Paused awhile, then hovering nigh  
Where Dermod lay, hush’d and listen’d ;  
Then to a dew-drop that glisten’d  
Upon a drooping leaf hard by,  
Whispered, “ I’ll bear his soul on high ;  
Thee and thy sisters mourn below—  
Mine will strike the harp of woe.”

## XLI.

On th' Isle of Grief, where Emmet sleeps,  
And "Tara's harp" dread silence keeps,  
There is a grave beside a brook  
'Neath the shade of an aged oak,  
Whose friendly branches spreading wide,  
Lean fondly o'er the limpid tide,  
And guard with giant arms outspread  
The sacred temple of the dead—

## XLII.

There Dermod lies in humble state,  
The turf his monument—a slate  
Denotes where rests his lowly head,  
With short inscription to the dead,  
Traced by some friendly hand and will,  
With rustic force and seeming skill,  
A tribute meet and truly just  
To living worth and confined dust.

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## SWEET NANNIE OF ATHLONE.

Of all the strands of all the lands,  
Give me the beach of any,  
Where first I clasped the tender hands  
Of golden-haired sweet Nannie.  
Her smile was bright, and in the light  
Her eyes shone dark and beaming ;  
Her lips a flower, crimson bright,  
Wooring teeth as pearls gleaming.  
Oh she's a song of sweetest tone,  
And she's a joy wherever known,—  
Sweet Nannie of Athlone.

The morning rays and evening haze,  
And starry nights, and many,  
In memory dwell, as in those days  
When first I loved sweet Nannie.  
Her accents low are sure to flow  
Where glooms a grief in sorrow ;  
Her soothing words can always show  
Some hope to light the morrow.  
Oh she's a song of sweetest tone,  
And she's a joy wherever known,—  
Sweet Nannie of Athlone !

The sun may shine, and bright incline  
To other shores and many,  
Yet there's no land to me divine,  
But that where dwells sweet Nannie.  
Her heart is pure, and will endure ;  
Whate'er of life has sadness,  
Her winning smile is ever sure  
To shed a ray of gladness.  
Oh she's a song of sweetest tone,  
And she's a joy wherever known,  
Sweet Nannie of Athlone !

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## GLOOM.

Gloom, gloom as of a pall unfurled  
Darkens all, all the little world  
Wherein I dwell a breathing mote,  
Prone in the dust I pallid lie  
Mourning over the ill which smote  
Fair promise in the far remote.  
Oh, I'm so tired, yet would not die.  
Hush ! hush my heart ! this hope forlorn  
Gives no respite but longer pain  
The joy so loved, so rudely torn  
May never, never smile again.  
What use this ache and lingering thought ?  
'Tis better far to quiet lie  
Beneath the cypress and forgot  
Awake no throb, no passing sigh !



## NIGHT.

On the fullflowing vestal train of day  
Reclines the virgin Eve with visage bland,  
Dropping dew-pearls upon the mountains gray  
And in the valleys with a bounteous hand.

Eve-light pausing, from the far Western sphere  
Casts on the earth's broad disk a parting gaze,  
And Nature blushing smiles thro' a dewy tear  
And all the world seems wrapt in twilight haze.

Now softly thro' the mist of densing air  
A sweet-toned melody of earnest grace,  
A vesper song falls on the listening ear  
And the pure heart is filled with sacred peace.

Eve-light as a dream of happy ending  
Passeth down the vista of memory  
Leaving thought a calmer pulse, and blending  
Notes of sweetness with waking revery.

Lo ! Night reigns. How fair in every feature,  
From the cerulean vast the Pride of Night  
Young Luna beams upon tranquil Nature  
And waking stars wink their soft eyes of light.

In the zenith a drift of white clouds lie  
And in the slant that bounds the eastern rim,  
A gray cloud floating o'er the dappled sky  
Is slowly fading in the distance dim.

Deep waters slumber, while brooklets gliding  
Smoothly along their tufted banks of green  
Murmur a dreamy poem of love confiding  
To tasselled sprig, flower, and leafy screen.

The nomad winds are out and brush the pines  
And wake the leaves, and now they softly glide  
Thro' forest halls just as the young moon shines,  
And airs euphonious trill on either side.

O moon and stars bright footlights of heaven,  
What glories lie beyond your shining spheres?  
There bright-eyed justice with balance even  
Gives to the soul its meed for mortal years.

O Death how sweet when the end is righteous  
And earth's last pulse throbs out in holy peace,  
And the glad spirit arrayed in beauteous  
Robes of sinless white kneels at th' throne of grace!

O martyr Saints that roam thro' aisles so bright,  
Meek mediators for the poor erring soul;  
Ask of the throne divine some grace, some light  
For one whose passions range beyond control.

O soul of mine what are th' doubts that cloud thee?

Where are the precepts of thine early years?

Ah, where are the hopes that shone so brightly

And lit the shadows of thy boyhood's fears?

Thy vigils mark the ever-passing sands

In busy time's unerring fateful glass,

And pale, brooding thought with close-folded hands

Asks when, O soul, will this cold darkness pass.

Pondering in th' dusk of gloom unsightly,

The knell of futile hours still greets thine ears,

No peace is thine, thy visions are nightly

Of lost souls wandering in th' vale of tears.



## QUESTION.

Oh firmament of starry eyes,  
Oh azure dome of bending skies,  
    Around this world  
Is there beyond thy ether plains  
    Another world?  
    A region of delight,  
    A climate without night,  
    A kingdom full of light  
From mellow suns that ever shine  
    Where spires glisten on pearl fanes,  
    Where anthems in liquid strains  
Float in symphony divine?  
    Question loud my doubts in their night  
    Of rayless darkness and affright.

## ANSWER.

Oh pilgrim on this fleeting moss,  
Oh follower of the bleeding Cross,  
    In this under world,  
Those pearl fanes and glistening spires  
    In the upper world  
    Are dwellings of the just,  
    Are temples of the blest,  
    Are Cathedrals of rest,  
For the believing ones of earth  
    When the vital spark expires,  
    When the spirit free retires  
Unto the realm of its birth ;  
    Answers loud my deathless spirit  
    'Tis the birthright I inherit.

## LIGHT.

The sun low down bends o'er the deep  
And sheets with gold the thermal wave ;  
While Eve in twilight veil and grave  
Fades down the west where shadows keep.  
And Night with dew-drops on her cheek,  
Looks round the tired world with meek  
And languid eyes disposed to sleep.  
My heart is glad with hope to-night,  
Within my soul there beams a light  
From Sun beyond the vaulted height  
Where limit bounds the planets' force,  
And guides their steady onward course ;  
And high above the highest star  
That gleams in azure space afar.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Child of mortals, how calm thy rest !  
No hidden grief, nor sighs suppressed,  
Disturb thy young and guileless breast,—  
Happy child !

Thy dream is fraught with visions fair,  
Thy brow is smooth—no line of care,  
Nor shade of passion lingers there,—  
Sinless child !

To thee life seems a sunny vale,  
A vernal bank, a flowery dale,  
A stream and skiff, with snowy sail,—  
Earnest child !

A forest grand, with leafy halls,  
A sylvan cot with trellised walls,  
And lisp'ing rills and waterfalls,—  
Joyful child !

A lakelet, calm with shining strand  
Of pebbles, shells and golden sand  
Just verging to the promised land,—  
Hopeful child !

*To a Sleeping Child.*

Such seems thy dream of life, fair child,  
Fresh budding blossom undefiled,  
Frail pilgrim on this earthly wild,—  
Artless child !

But thou art young, thy summers few,  
Thine eye unwet by sorrow's dew,  
Thy heart yet deems that all is true,—  
Trusting child !

Nor may thy heart e'er understand,  
Nor feel the cold and loveless hand  
That wields misfortune's searing wand,—  
Tender child !

May thy life's star revolve in peace,  
And may thy thoughts still roam the space  
Where Heaven sheds bounteous grace,—  
Gentle child !

Still may the angels of repose  
Thy pale, delicate eyelids close,  
And kiss thy tender cheek's faint rose,—  
Feeble child !

But should thy fate and Heaven's will  
Meet thee a share of mortal ill,  
To bear along life's rugged hill,—  
Patient child !



Then, flower of earth, bear in mind  
There's a calm in Heaven, destined,  
Through Christ, the hope of human kind,  
For thee, child !

And all who live to learn to die,  
And look with meek and loving eye  
To the Father of souls on high,—  
Guard the child !

---

## THE HAWTHORN BLOSSOM.

When eve smiles on the hawthorn blossom  
Where we oft met in brighter days,  
I linger oft, while in my bosom,  
I feel again thy tender ways ;  
And absence fades in fancy's dream,  
And time returns with many a smile  
As though no change but what might seem  
A dreamy hour had passed the while.

In the crystal brook that murmurs by  
The bank and bloom, we loved so well,  
I see thine image fair mirror'd lie,  
As in the days of love's young spell ;  
And when a linnet its love-tale sings  
In fragrant bower, bush, or glen,  
The melody fills my heart, and brings  
Thy voice of love to me as then.

Life's numbered seasons will speed along,  
And we may never meet again,  
Yet, while being throbs, my dearest song  
Will be of thee though all in vain ;  
If vain, yet dear to me, and ever  
The linnet's song, brook and blossom,  
Nor time, nor ill, nor fate, can sever  
Thy sweet memory from my bosom,

## MANNIE.

Mannie! should will or chance, within thy breast  
Awake to memory in years unborn  
The slumbering recollections of the past,  
And you review the friends of youth's fair morn,—  
That rosy dawn of joy and love and zest,  
That happy dawn of later day's unrest.  
Say wilt thou waste a thought on me, and cast  
A wishful gaze into the realm of fate,  
To learn if I do yet in mortal state  
Exist a pallid slave to love or hate?  
Or, pillowed calmly on life's sobless tide  
With my soul's eyes fixed on cloudless heaven,  
The past forgotten and this heart of pride  
Subdued, all forgiving and forgiven?

## POTOMAC.

River of the free, old Potomac, noble stream !  
No more thy waters reflect the red man's wigwam,  
Nor gambol on thy genial shores his tawny young,  
Nor nods his eagle plume upon thy breezy hills,  
Nor wakes his hunter call the echoes in thy glens ;  
Harsh time and a paler race have marred the magic  
Glory of thy scenery, and robbed thy ancient banks  
Of their forest crowns to lean upon thy heart  
And cleave thy yielding breast with their giant limbs ;  
And erect marvellous and fantastic mansions  
High as their towering pride. Yet there remains  
Of novelty and awful grandeur, sufficient  
To satisfy the eye of genius, and entrance  
The soul of Nature's lover. But these are needless,—  
Thy renown will fade when yonder far flashing sun  
Casts his expiring gleam upon the crumbling dust,  
Where trembles the last, last lonely soul of man.  
Thou hast borne on thy wave, Freedom's mightiest  
chief,—  
And flow in solemn grandeur by his honored tomb !

## MAN'S LITTLENESS.

What art thou ! puny, paltry, earth ?  
What is thy nobleness of birth ?  
Thou little speck upon the vast  
Of Jehovah's created dust.  
When at thy best thou art to say  
A drop of blood in potter's clay,  
A crock, shaped up, and baked to-day,  
All shattered by to-morrow's ray.  
What is there in thy vaunted name ?  
What is thy plumed and stilted fame ?  
What light is in thy tallow flame ?  
Thou toad fungus,—thou taint of must,  
Thou foul atom on the world's crust.  
A thistle's floss borne on the breeze,  
O'er mighty continents and seas,  
Hath size and ponderance, as great  
In the huge scale of things replete.

## A DREAM.

Fond, truthful eyes tender beaming,  
Lit the vigil of my heart ;  
'Twas but a dream, yet its seeming  
Lingers still, nor will depart ;  
But like a spell of magic art,  
Binds my being  
Without seeing,—  
What presence thrills, what essence fills  
My dreaming !  
And ofttimes, I question memory  
In the calm of thoughtful revery ;  
If its casket doth conceal,  
If its tablet can reveal  
One trace of that radiant vision,  
Which thrilled my heart in dream elysian :  
For I feel as if some presence real  
Had glanced along my ray of light  
And met my soul with fond zeal,  
A breathing being true and bright.

## AUTUMN.

Through the orchard wings the swallow  
Up the pine-hill, o'er the fallow  
    To the south ;  
Autumn sits 'mid dying flowers  
Pondering o'er the rosy hours  
    Of her youth.

From the breast of the blue mountain,  
Granite arching o'er the fountain  
    Of its spray ;  
Comes the river wider rolling,  
As it leaves the fount's controlling  
    Far away.

On the margin of that river,  
Wilted ferns lean and quiver  
    O'er the stream ;  
And the daylight, fainter beaming,  
Gives the water crystal streaming,  
    Silver gleam.

Dismal winds through forests strolling  
Are sad burial tones trolling  
    Deep and loud ;

Where the yellow leaves are dying,  
And dead fallen leaves are lying  
In their shroud.

Up the slopes gray mists are curling,  
Down the slants brown leaves are hurling  
In the blast ;  
And the drowsy bees are humming,—  
Close the cells, old Winter's coming  
Chill and fast !

---



TO BIRDIE.

I.

As an anthem full of prayer,  
Rising on the evening air  
    To heaven,  
Thy presence ever thrills me,—  
Maid of the bright hair.

II.

As stream in beauty glassing,  
A star thro' ether passing  
    'Fore heaven,  
My memory still holds thee,—  
Maid of the white brow.

III.

As soft music in a dream,  
Floating down a starry beam  
    From heaven,  
Thy melody is with me,—  
Maid of the sweet voice.

## IV.

As a ray I mostly prize,  
Passing down from higher skies  
    In heaven,  
Thy radiant smile is with me,—  
Maid of the red lip.

---

## LONG AGO.

Heigh-ho ! dear friend, how very fast  
Time flies ? How many years have cast  
Their shadow upon earth's dial,  
Since I first met life's rude trial,  
Long ago !

And yet how fresh doth memory keep  
Each tint on that little landscape,  
By streamlet, mound, nook, and wildwood,  
Painted on the heart in childhood,  
Long ago !

I see a birch hard by a brook,  
Beside a green and shady nook,  
Where I have sat, 'mid waving corn,  
Many an eve and early morn,  
Long ago !

I see a mound within a dell,  
Beside a clear and trickling well,  
Where I have knelt low on the sod,  
And quaffed full oft and thanked my God,  
Long ago !

Nigh to a cot of humble dome—  
Dear friend, it was my early home—  
There I have wept, and, weeping, smiled,  
For I was then a happy child,  
Long ago!

Till on that cot there fell a gloom,  
And strangers came to mother's room,  
And friends stood there, and tears were shed  
Around my pale, pale mother's bed,  
Long ago!

There was a grave with flowers strewed,  
Beside an autumn-sighing wood;  
There I have knelt morn, noon, and eve,  
And kissed, dear friend, my mother's grave,  
Long ago!

Ah, me! how oft my bosom's thought  
Is full of these, and asks my heart  
If they are still, and do they seem,  
As once they did in childhood's dream,  
Long ago!

As I still onward roam among  
My fellow-kind, amid a throng  
Of earthly hopes and earthly fears,  
A pilgrim bowed with hapless years,  
Long ago!

Ah, there! how weak! dear friend, my heart,  
Long taught to act a calmer part,  
Wells up, and tears are mine, and sighs—  
I may not speak of other days,  
Long ago!

---

## THE DYING CHILD.

A child lay fading on its mother's knee  
The flossy fringe of its blue-veined eyelids,  
Heavy with the dew of life's last evening,  
Rested on the snow-white cheek a seeming  
Shade of Indian gold. Then as evening past  
The child grew fairer and a smile benign,  
Parted the white-rose lips, as its waning  
Vision skyward rose to where the western  
Gate was barred with golden bolts just behind  
The vanished sun. Then as tho' a message  
From vales celestial had called th' waiting child,  
It turned a glad and eager look into  
Its mother's humid eyes and said, "Mamma!  
The sun will rise to-morrow to gladden  
Earth and tint th' fruit and opening flowers,  
And I will rise to-night another star  
In heaven to light thy coming, Mamma,  
Thro' garden pathways to our Father's house!"  
Then silence listened, and a passing sigh  
Told the angel spirit rose to heaven.

## FLOWERS.

There is a sermon and a creed in flowers,  
And they have tongues which speak unto conscience;  
And their voice hath music, and is sacred  
To the listening soul and yearning heart.  
The hills stupendous; and the mountains bald,  
Or snow, or verdure crowned; the seas immense;  
The rocks which bound their space, and brave the  
    shock  
Of swells tempestuous,—their dusky grandeur  
Veiled, anon, with the white spray of their wrath;  
The circling planets, still rolling onward  
In numberless cycles, high poised amid  
Far infinity of space, and ancient  
As their sun; the stars phosphoric, that light  
The nebulous expanse of firmament;  
The etesian winds that blow; and the rains  
That fall within the concave of the vast  
Universe; the birth and death of seasons;  
The broad, bright day of wakefulness; the night  
Of darkness and of just repose;—bear not  
The signet of God's will more palpably  
Than does the frailest little floweret  
Whose petals quiver when zephyrs breathe.

## ESTHER.

When by love thy dear eyes lighted,  
And with trusting joy united  
    Turn their glowing look upon me,  
Fond I gaze in them delighted,  
    Lost in love's own mystery,  
    Lost in love's sweet witchery,  
    Lost to all the world but thee,—  
Brightest maid of dusky eyes,  
Dearest maid of southern skies.

When with fitful blushes burning,  
And with bashful wile half turning  
    Thy soft cheek, I fondly kiss,  
And thy lips the pledge returning,  
    Thrills my heart with love's caress,  
    Thrills my heart with pulsing bliss,  
    Thrills my soul with love's excess,—  
Sweetest maid of rosy mouth,  
Dearest maid of balmy south.

When thy voice in its dulcet tone,  
Syllables love for me alone  
    In the calm of quiet rest;  
'Tis a spell of melody, thrown



Over all the days oppressed,  
Over all the doubting past,  
Over all my heart's unrest,—  
Fairest maid of glowing rhyme,  
Dearest maid of sunny clime.

---

## PAST.

## I.

Time marks on the brow of mortal,  
Each fateful sign of passing hour ;  
Each throb of heart makes life a part  
Of something past from earthly power ;  
And every joy and each regret,  
Leaves memories that we ne'er forget.

## II.

From chalice deep with beaded sweets,  
We drink of memory's argent stream ;  
And see the past within it glassed,  
Refulgent shine with rosy beam ;  
As in the time a rising star,  
The treasure past where planets are.

## III.

The heart may grieve and weep to-day,  
And garlands faded lie around ;  
Nor rose-bud ope where withered hope,  
Lies listless on deserted ground ;  
And things that were of joy begotten,  
Quiet rest wellnigh forgotten.

## IV.

Yet, though years have past and many,  
We feel the pulse of younger days ;  
As we go back o'er memory's track  
Through sunny scenes in pleasant ways ;  
And heart beats glad and near akin,  
And dear to being now as then.

## V.

A withered leaf may oft recall,  
A rose that bloomed in bygone time ;  
On homestead lea, o'er distant sea,  
In far off land of genial clime ;  
And still to vision as in dream,  
The hand that gave it plainly seem.

## VI.

On lucent air all quiescent,  
A tone may float to passive ear ;  
When crowd the past to memory fast,  
With words once heard and sweetly dear,  
We hear the voice intone again  
Of those we loved but not in vain.

## VII.

A tear on beauty's cheek and sad,  
May call to mind a buried heart ;  
That once we prized and idolized,

And cause the loving tear to start :—  
From eyes grown dim through lapse of years,  
And weight of care and living fears.

## VIII.

In churchyard near or far away,  
May rest in peace our precious dead ;  
Or 'neath the deep where billows sweep  
Above their ocean coral bed,  
Yet memory guards each winning part,  
A treasured relic in the heart.

## IX.

A swallow's flight may wake a thought  
Of some solace which hath parted ;  
From human strife, from out our life  
A glory great and true-hearted ;  
And memory sees resplendent shine  
The mortal hope that seemed divine.

## X.

The faded lapse of vanished years  
May dim the joys of early days,  
And we in truth forget our youth,  
While wandering in the world's ways ;  
Yet in the dusk and wane of strife,  
The past will rise to solace life.

## XI.

A baby's lisp may cause the heart  
To pulse again with sacred grief,  
Or hope, to think the mortal link  
That binds to earth is only brief;  
And we may greet the one we love  
Where skies cerulean bend above.

## XII.

Onward, step by step we journey on  
Through baffled peace and broken years,  
And still we dream and sometimes seem  
To clasp again what time endears;  
As will goes back a free rover  
Where orchards bloomed and sweet clover.

## XIII.

A tress of hair in folded leaf,  
Secreted long a treasured gift,  
From some dear head now with the dead,  
The only chain to memory left;  
Will link the past to present trust,  
And seeming life to confined dust.

## XIV.

As shadows slant at sun's decline  
To distance past in early day,  
So memory leans to early scenes

When hope was bright and passing gay ;  
And vernal air on lambent wing  
Brushed the leaves in life's balmy spring.

## XV.

White-haired and sparse, decrepid age,  
Lulled in the dusk of shadowed years,  
Sees lengthening rays from by-gone days  
Dispel the gloom of present fears ;  
As mind goes back in calm reflection  
Through garden paths of recollection.

## XVI.

As soft radiance lights a gloom,  
So a smile may brighten memory ;  
And lips that wreathed in smiles that breathed  
Of wild flowers' sweet perfumery ;  
Though with the past hath power still  
To touch the heart with pleasure's thrill.

## XVII.

The vestal breath of early dawn,  
When dewdrops sparkle on the leaves,  
And cowslips nod on verdant sod,  
And earthward lean the golden sheaves,  
Will call to mind some truant hour  
When nature blushed with magic power.

## XVIII.

Æolian strains by night winds played  
In requiem o'er a day at rest,  
May tell some heart with tender art  
Of home and friends in union blest ;  
And gentle voice in evening prayer  
By hearthstone bright with mother's care.

## XIX.

When turgid waves on sea of life,  
Toss our sail where wild breakers roar ;  
And sunken reefs and jagged cliffs  
Denote the bleak and foamy shore ;  
And hope is pale and waning fast,  
Our thoughts will turn to scenes of past.

## XX.

A morning prayer from sabbath lips,  
Or vesper song at eventide,  
May touch a chord with every word  
In some lonely heart sorely tried ;  
And thoughts recall of purer ways  
When faith was young in other days.

## XXI.

In cold repose with folded hands,  
A mould of earth may lie in state ;  
And we who live may well forgive,

If wrongs were done in passion's heat ;  
And let the past in mercy keep  
The faults of those we cannot weep.

## XXII.

All things of earth will sure depart,  
And age strew moss upon their tomb ;  
And we who laugh and gayly quaff  
To-day, ere night may meet our doom  
And be of past, and memory tell  
Some living heart our story well.

---



TO A MOTHER

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

Why weep, an Angel hand,  
Sent from the better land,  
Hath culled the tender flower  
For Eden's fairer bower?

'Tis but a change of place  
From Earth to higher space,  
To bloom, and be forever  
Where Autumn cometh never.

I know a parent's grief  
Must find in tears relief,  
And the full heart must throb  
To nature's feeling sob.

But God knows best, and we  
Should be content to see  
Earth have one bud the less  
To fade through life's distress.

And then the joy of meeting,  
Where Spring is ever greeting,  
The sweet darling of our love  
Our Angel flower above.

Weep not, oh Mother fond,  
O'er nature's pressing bond,  
The link is only riven  
To be again in Heaven.

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## ANTRIM'S CURSE.

When from the Baltic's barren shore,  
The pirate Northmen journeyed o'er  
    The cold gray sea's glistening tide,  
And from the rising billow's surf,  
Beyond old Antrim's ocean bluff,  
    Fair Erin's verdant hills descried ;

Then, alas ! the Scandinavian host  
First beached on Erin's northern coast,  
    And death and pillage followed fast.  
And Erin saw her Christian hopes,  
Along her valleys green and slopes,  
    Lie bleeding, where the foe had passed ;

Saw round her church's sacred walls,  
And within her consecrated halls,  
    Grim ravage stalk with gory brand.  
And slaughtered monks, dead and dying,  
Round her plundered altars lying,  
    Slain by the ruthless pagan's hand !

Saw the Christian mother and her child,  
Saw the sweet maiden, undefiled,  
    Saw the pure virgin, spouse of God,

Fall victims to barbarian lust,—  
Fall broken-hearted in the dust,—  
Flowers crushed upon their native sod !

Then rose in might the dark-browed Celt,  
And men of Umhall fiercely dealt  
The first of vengeance on the foe !  
Wild flashed the steel, and deep the stain  
That marked the spot where fell the Dane,  
And marred the turf of brave Mayo.

Then Corach, th' bold, Killarney's chief,  
Met the Norse invader, and brief  
The strife ; the vanquished horde in vain  
Fly for the beach where, on the tide,  
Their hide-bound crafts at anchor ride,—  
The Celts outflank, and all are slain !

Respite but short ! Soon o'er the main  
Th' Cimbrian sail comes fast again,  
With tawny Goth and yellow Swede,  
From Jutland's haunts and rigid clime,  
Rude in their laws and bold in crime,  
The corsair's prize their highest meed.

When Ulidia's band, all valiant men,  
Oppose the ruthless Goths, and thin  
The line of crowded charging ranks ;  
While Carbry, with Hy-Kinsella's clan,  
Force down the foe's disordered van,  
And strew with dead the yarrow banks.

Nor yet repose. Each wind that blows  
From the far north brings lawless foes,  
To rob the land, and desecrate  
Her sacred fanes, so long revered ;  
And holy relics, long endeared,  
As heirlooms of her Christian state.

Dark was the night, and loud the waves  
O'er jutting rocks, in rifted caves ;  
On brazen cliffs, o'er sunken reefs,  
When the vandals reached, with straining oar,  
The foamy sands on Munster's shore,—  
To meet in strife Iobh-Conuil's chiefs.

At Seannuid old, on Limerick ground,  
The clansmen of Hy-Figiente found  
The barbarians bent on plunder.  
When hand to hand, and breast to breast,  
The gashing steel with fury pressed,  
Till Walhalla's brood went under !

And still they come ; and, once again,  
Donchadha's chiefs, on Tailton plain,  
Await the charge nor pause in dread.  
Then rose the voice of mighty battle,  
And the wild clash, and the rattle  
Of weapons crossed o'er fallen dead !

No mercy pause to stem the tide ;  
Nor mercy asked on either side,  
Till beaten turn, and, seek in flight,

Their galleys on the briny flood,  
The remnant left of Humel's brood,—  
And triumph crowns the Christian's fight!

Still o'er the deep the Northmen pressed,  
Fleet after fleet, nor hope of rest  
Seemed for Erin's suffering land.  
Year after year the crimson shroud  
Told where the wrath of battle crowd  
Had clashed and struggled, hand to hand.

Thus wore along relentless years  
Of fire and sword, and death and tears,  
The Celt still battling for his creed,  
His hearthstone, and his right of birth,  
The land that graved his father's earth,  
Against the robber Viking breed.

Ah! feeling strikes a mournful chord  
When trolling o'er those years of sword  
And fagot's horrid despoliation.  
I hear the strong man's heartfelt sigh,  
Hear the Milesian mother's cry,  
Amid dark ruin's desolation.

The harp is tuned to funeral woe,  
The minstrel sings in cadence low,  
O'er fallen shrine and kindred's tomb.  
Few flocks now roam the pasture fields,  
No bounteous crop the harvest yields;  
But foes and blood and burial gloom.

To vanquish hosts seems all in vain ;  
More galleys keel the northern main,  
And mongrel hordes, of savage will,  
Crowd on the land ; no law to bind ;  
No creed, but that of might ; nor mind,  
But conquest, and a thirst to kill !

Yet courage lived. The Celt's bold heart  
Never faltered, but met the dart  
Aimed at his country's faith and life.  
His brawny arm with battle-axe  
Cleft the invader in his tracks,  
Whene'er they clashed in deadly strife.

When of those years of woeful wrong  
A bard now strikes, in measured song,  
The tuneful harp's responsive strings,  
'Tis but the past's long sainted shade,  
Wandering back through memory's glade,  
To mourn o'er lost and sacred things.

Alas ! the present hath its tears !  
Wrongs still exist, and gloomy fears ;  
And Erin's bards but sing of grief.  
The clank of chains are in her halls,  
And foemen laugh when sorrow calls,—  
The friendly grave but gives relief.

## WINTER.

## I.

Now o'er the distant grayish hills  
Comes the wintry nipping blast,  
And rimmed with ice-flakes are the rills,  
And gemmed the trees with frost ;  
And big clouds sift crisp, drifting snow  
O'er valley low and mount,  
And waters darken as they flow  
In river, stream and fount.

## II.

All o'er the landscape's withered face  
Are white and gray locks spread,  
Save here and there a wrinkled space,  
Shows verdure's glory dead ;  
Where brindled leaf and yellow sedge,  
And wilted stalk and spray,  
In tangled clumps extend a bridge  
Across some sodden way.

## III.

From upland pines a doleful sound  
Falls on the pensive ear,



As naked trees wave o'er the ground  
Where rests on frozen bier,  
Their vernal pomp now withered, leaves,  
And thro' the lowland copse  
A voice of mournful sadness grieves  
O'er summer's buried hopes.

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## BEACH NOTES.

## I.

Hark ! the winds, with sullen whiff,  
Whistle by fits a solemn dirge  
Around yon gaunt and shelving cliff,  
Where the pharos winks and flares,  
The red pharos blinks and glares,  
And now and then fiercely stares  
Out on the billow's toppling verge,  
Billows tossed from other lands,  
Billows beached on many strands.

## II.

Hark ! the weird discordant screech  
Of stray curlew among yon crags  
Which skirt the bleak and barren beach  
Where the gulls for food immerge  
In the lazy, lagging surge  
That sobs and sucks in each gorge ;  
And on the shelly strand rakes and drags  
Wild surge rocked on billows free,  
Surge of breakers on the lea.

## III.

Lo ! where the moonlight shaft reclines  
Upon the fretful shifting swell  
Which moans anon and hoarsely whines,  
And again in wild disport  
Climbs the wall of yonder fort,  
And licks th' lip of yawning port  
Where red throttled cannon belch and smell,  
Gallant swell of old ocean  
Bringing joy or sad emotion.

## IV.

Mark ! where that deep rifted crag  
Breasts the dense of seething surf,  
There once a ship with signal flag  
Found the rock a final check,  
Then a cry rose from the deck  
As wild breakers palled the wreck,  
Some found a grave beneath the turf,  
And some beneath the billow  
Rest on a coral pillow.

---

## THE LINK THAT BINDS.

Where the far-famed Potomac's noble tide  
Silently sweepeth in its ancient pride  
Along Old Dominion's prolific verge,  
Ere while it meets, far down the briny surge  
Of ocean's ruffled front ! There is a grave,  
A modest grave, where Vernon's willows wave ;  
Thither the Northern Sons are wont to wind  
Their eager steps, with grateful hearts, to blend  
With Southern Sons their voice in praise, and shed  
Commingling tears o'er the faultless dead ;  
There taunting passions pause, nor there intrudes  
The clash of section, nor of party feuds ;  
There discord ends, there North and South are one ;  
The link that binds, the ashes of their Washington.

## TO ——.

'Tis well to part, since fate decrees  
No dearer bond than friendship's tie !  
Farewell, and when fond memory sees  
In future dreams thine image nigh,  
I'll bless those dreams that image thee,  
And sigh regret they are not real ;  
And mourn the hopes that may not be,  
And bid my heart its love conceal !

Yet in the strife in manhood's life,  
I'll bear my part whate'er th' duty,  
Nor murmur that my path is rife  
With more arid waste than beauty.  
Whate'er betide in coming years—  
My home be hall or humble cot—  
Be joyous smiles or saddest tears—  
My earthly mission's future lot,—

Of thee, of thee ! I'll fondly dream,  
And kiss the rod that bids me sorrow,  
And hope still on the clouds that seem  
Will show a smiling sun to-morrow ;  
And if the fates should smile on me,  
And joy and fortune fair be mine,  
I'll guard the hope that breathes of thee,  
And blessings ask for thee and thine !

## DUSK.

## I.

Here where the old ivy-hooded tower  
A dim twilight lessening shadow flings  
Across the ruined and deserted bower,  
And the hoarse raven shakes her ebon wings;  
Dusky boding bird of night,  
Perched upon the ruin's height.

## II.

I will tarry, and on this mound recline,  
To mark pale Eve low in the fading west  
Her trust of earth to brown hair'd Night resign;  
And drop to sleep upon her ample breast,  
Couched on clouds of changing hue,  
Canopied o'er with ether blue.

## III.

Dusk falls on the brink of mottled distance,  
High upon the crested hills and mountains,  
On the valleys peopled with existence,  
On the waters still and rushing fountains,—  
Fountains gushing from the heart  
Of old Nature's inner part.

## IV.

Behold the old ivy-hooded tower  
Wrapt in hazy glory, and glistening  
Beneath a noiseless downfalling shower  
Of dew-drops, bright as diamonds sparkling ;—  
Sparkling with a purer ray  
Than jewel of wave or clay !

## V.

Each drooping leaf, spray, and flower is still,  
Save when from the mild zephyr's wooing kiss  
They bow their guileless heads, and silent thrill  
With a sweet tremor of ecstatic bliss,  
As a virgin in a dream  
Of Eden's glorious beam.

## VI.

Each winding streamlet, and each musing brook  
Mirrors the open planetary tome  
In their pure crystalline bosoms, and look  
Like fair silver-clasped ringlets, as they roam  
Thro' meadows clad in green  
And fields of nodding grain.

## VII.

Softly along their verdure-braided banks  
Deep rivers flow, caressing and kissing

Each old moss-clad veteran rock, which flanks  
Their devious way, while slowly passing  
From inland founts of crystal spray  
To ocean caves far away.

---



WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

When love is dead—what dream can live  
To span the dreary waste of life?  
What soothing balm can ever give  
A calm of joy to weary strife?  
Nor loud acclaim with plaudits rife,  
Nor Senate chair, nor judicial gown,  
Nor shining gold, nor jewels gain,  
Nor yet the victor's star and crown  
One earnest joy to be again!

## KINDNESS.

As a pebble dropped in ocean  
Gives the wave a sense of motion—  
Gives the deep a new emotion—  
    While passing to its goal,—  
So, a word of kindness spoken  
To an erring spirit—broken—  
Gives to life a passing token—  
    Finds the depth within th' soul.

## MOLLIE.

Mollie, the sweetest name in all the world,  
    'And you the dearest girl who bears it—  
Why your very smile is sunshine curled  
    Among rose-buds, moist with early  
        Morning dew.

You little tease, there's seven times to-day  
    You have shook your pretty head and cried,  
“No, you shan't,” and then the dimples play  
    On your cheek, and say “you're afraid  
        To kiss me!”

There 'tis again, you toss your saucy head,  
    And your curls how they shine in the light,  
You pout—there 'tis done—none but the dead  
    Could resist that bright set of pearls  
        In your mouth.

“You'll fix me?” Well, fix away, my bonny,  
    But fix your mouth and let me kiss it,  
I'll fast a week, living on the honey  
    And the blissful fragrant essence  
        Of your lips.

## REVERY.

How grand in autumn, when the evening sun  
    Bends o'er the blushing sea, whose deep, broad  
        space  
    With measured throb, rolls its blue waves to the  
        base  
Of some south crested cliff, there stretched alone  
Upon the burnished heath to pause for hours,  
    And feel, low breathing on thy listless face,  
The dew-lipped air, fresh from inland bowers  
    Of clover wild, and wilder flowers, and mace ;  
To hear the fitful hum and languid sigh  
    Of some stray wind among the drowsy boughs,  
And the grass-braided brooklet lispings nigh,  
    That still with dreamy poem ever goes  
Gliding along in sweet monotony,  
Obedient to its Maker's high decree !

## IN SIXTY.

I stood, as stands the pilgrim stranger  
Of another clime ; unknown I stood  
Within Columbia's capitol.  
I saw her populace, as billows  
On a turbid ocean, flow in ; each  
Brow with purpose bent, and pale with keen  
Intent.

Anon the multitude hushed  
To silence were, and listening hung,  
Each eye deep burning and intently  
Fixed, looked on the forum of the free,  
Where sat convened the representatives  
Of Columbia's stars.

Then rose the voice  
Of States, and the issue seemed not for  
The welfare of the Federal bond,  
But of section, party and color ;  
And there was discord and contention,  
And Freedom stood "a house divided  
Against itself."

The North, firm as the rock  
Her Pilgrims blessed of yore, calmly stood  
And pale ; and strife, with cloudy front, sat  
Heavy on her knitted brow, and taunts  
Were on her lip.

The South, proud mother  
Of Liberty's anointed chieftain,  
Mother of Presidents and a long  
Line of heroes, first in war, and first  
In eloquence, shook her dusky locks,  
While her eye, hot as her burning suns,  
Flashed back defiance. And 'mid the jar  
Of jostled argument, and the clash  
Of angry eloquence, and the croak  
Of "*ism*," husky with the jaded  
Strife of party, big with corruption,  
And rotten to the core, I heard, loud  
Toned above the din tumultuous, the tongue  
Of Treason, and Disunion !

There was  
A pause, a dreadful pause, nor motion  
Save the quiver of pale, parted lips,  
And the gleam of teeth hard shut, and th' flash  
Of eyes indignant ; nor sound, save like  
The hiss of breakers on a rugged  
Shore, hard breathing spoke existence.

Then, with a start, the people, as a forest  
Pressed by might of tempest, a moment  
Swayed and bent, and with an impulse grand  
As of one mighty heart, the vast cry  
Of "*Shame! Statesmen! Shame!*" rose awful,  
And shook Columbia's Capitol!

---

## A WINK.

He was a bachelor, and staid,—  
Quite unknown to any fuss ;  
With his trim moustache he played,  
While his chin made music thus :—

“I’ll tell a tale as certain—  
Its truth you will see I think—  
When I show th’ real uncertain  
In a buxom widow’s wink.

“Now, for instance, in our row  
Lived a widow close at hand,  
Neither fast nor very slow,  
With an outfit truly grand.

“On the street she had a way  
Of showing off her neatness,  
Be it fair or rainy day,  
Her dress was all completeness.

“And her gait—it seemed a part  
Of all the rarest essence—  
Of stylish grace, without art,—  
Of movement the quintessence.



“Then her voice—had such a way  
Of telling you its sweetness,  
Though her neighbors still would say  
It had a tone of cuteness.

“But—you know a neighbor’s tongue  
Is not always quite reliable,  
For in th’ old as well as young,  
It has a freedom pliable.

“Now, I do not mean to say  
There’s spleen in half the tattle,  
Nor pain in half th’ sounds that stray  
From gossip’s noisy rattle.

“It mattered not what was said  
By jealous tongues, small or great,  
The widow still, with grace displayed  
Her dimpled smiles fair and sweet.

“Oft when passing by her door,  
I saw her at the window,  
And asked myself o’er and o’er  
Ain’t she a dashing widow?

“Then I’d double back again,  
And slowly pass that window,  
And hum, maybe, some refrain  
In honor of the widow.

“And oft when I was musing  
On sweet thoughts, and wedding rings,  
And other dreams amusing  
All mixed up with household things,—

“Not in the least romantic,  
Such as pots, pans, and ladles,  
Creepy-stools, and gigantic  
Chicken-coops, and nice cradles,—

“Somehow, it did not matter  
Where or what time my staying,  
In calm or business clatter,  
Or pleasant visit paying,—

“Her image came with ripe lips,  
And stood before my vision ;  
Then all else seemed in eclipse  
And love and joy the mission.

“But fate with her roughest joke  
Stirred up the worm mortality,  
And I, alas, soon awoke  
To mud and grim reality.

“I cannot tell how it came,  
Or why th’ thing got in my head,  
For I tell it now with shame—  
And then I wished I was dead.

“ It happened that one dabbling,  
Cold and cheerless afternoon,  
When garments long were drabbling  
Thro’ slush-puddle and lagoon,—

“ We met, ’twas at a crossing  
Where the mud was rather deep,  
And winds were roughly tossing  
Fallen leaves up in a heap,

“ She was standing on the curb  
With her head just slightly raised,  
While her eyes—those eyes superb—  
On the mud scene slily gazed ;—

“ ‘ Pardon, madam,’ I whispered,  
‘ Let me see you safe across ? ’  
‘ Thanks,’ she said, then she simpered  
And raised her trail from the dross.

“ Then gave her hand—it tapered  
White and soft as any floss—  
And her feet, I’ll be sabered  
If of feet they weren’t the boss.

“ Small dainty things just peeping  
’Neath the ruffles of her dress,  
In gaiters high, well keeping  
Dry a limb in shape, I guess.

“ ‘Walk steady now,’ I whispered,  
    ‘And we’ll soon be clean across ;  
Mind your step, that stone’s blistered  
    With a patch of slippery moss.’

“ Now it chanced, that while passing  
    A gutter of murky mud,  
I missed my foot, and tossing  
    Struck the dirt with splashy thud.

“ Gathering up my scattered parts,  
    In a muddled kind of haste,  
As such mishap still imparts  
    To a beau of squeamish taste.

“ I looked around with some pique,  
    And a rather lengthy face  
As I thought, this mud will stick,  
    But I doubt the widow’s case.

“ ‘I’m so grieved,’ said the widow,  
    Then my eyes began to blink,  
For I thought I saw the shadow  
    Of a very winning wink,

“ Veil th’ lustre, for a moment,  
    Of her tender beaming eye,  
And I asked without comment,  
    If that wink was meant to try,

“ If I felt a fond collision ;  
    When her hand was clasped in mine,  
If th’ electric thrill’s precision  
    Filled my heart with love divine ?

“ While thus I spoke, she listened  
    In a startled kind of daze,  
Then her dusky eyes glistened  
    As her finger white she raised,—

“ And laughed a while, then whispered,  
    ‘ Dolt, rough-bearded billy goat,  
I wink only when pestered  
    With such as you, silly mote.’

“ Now, if I’m not mistaken,  
    I have shown it plain, I think,  
To cure a fancy taken  
    Is to test a widow’s wink.”

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## TO ———.

Yes, thou art pledged to love but one,  
Till thy sweet life's declining sun  
Drops clouded, or serenely bright  
Into the grave's mysterious night,  
While I must mourn, and bear my part  
Of hopes forlorn, and hush my heart  
Whene'er it breathe a thought of thee,  
Long dearly loved and lost to me !

How fair those days of winning parts,  
That sunned our earnest loving hearts,  
And brightened all the flitting hours,  
And strewn our paths with gayest flowers ;  
When both were free to love at will,  
And both were glad and trusting still,  
Nor thought how Mammon's luring spell  
Could ever toll the parting knell.

'Tis vain to hope for brighter days,  
'Tis vain to look for pleasant ways,  
My way lies now thro' lonely glade,  
My ray has set in utter shade ;  
No gleam of hope may come again,  
Nor song of joy, but sad refrain  
May fill the gloom of biding woe  
Within my breast, where'er I go !

MORN AND EVE OF LIFE.

In the morning  
Cheery morning,  
A maiden joyous in th' bud of youth—  
With shining hair in th' breeze a-blowing,  
And beaming eye, rosy cheek and mouth—  
Saying sweet things, and gaily laughing  
High on the sunny hill of life.

In the evening  
Weary evening,  
Adown the brambled slope a-going—  
With folded hands, smileless lips and pale,  
Full sore of foot and feeble growing—  
To a cypress paddock in the vale  
To rest her burden in the grave.

## THE BONNY BANKS OF BRAME.

Where the ripples meet the shallows  
By the crystal flowing stream,  
And the sorrel wild and blooming  
On the bonny banks of Brame ;  
Oft I wander in my dreaming  
As I wandered when a boy,  
With a maiden in the spring-time  
Of her beauty and her joy.

And I see the bluebells nodding,  
And the gorse and sedges gray,  
And I hear the wavelets singing  
Where her feet were wont to stray ;  
And I hear her voice of sweetness  
Sing a song of days of old,  
And the thrushes glad and sweetly  
Answer back from out the wold.

But waters deep lie far between—  
And many a league of land—  
And she perhaps is strolling still  
By the river's shining sand.  
I marvel if her memory keeps  
The dear past as but a dream—  
While I still mourn those by-gone days  
On the bonny banks of Brame !



## AMBITION.

## I.

A vast citadel with bannered walls,  
Thick peopled with the sons of men  
Standing ready, when the trumpet calls  
The human slaughter to begin,  
And fall in death before the sun  
Purples the deep.

## II.

Down-battered walls and ruins smoking,  
All dreadful cries, and far and wide  
Red ravage capers, grimly gloating  
O'er ghastly dead on every side,  
Poor victims of ambitious pride  
In gory sleep!

## III.

A tented field with banners floating  
In the sun, sparred with emblems of might—  
An army dense in triumph marching  
To bloody battle, wrong or right,  
To fall in death before the night  
Drops on the deep.

## IV.

A country waste, where the harvest yields  
No bounteous crop of golden ears,  
Nor cattle roam the all-fallow fields,—  
But homeless waifs, and freighted biers—  
And widows moaning hopeless fears  
While orphans weep !

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## THE WAIF'S RETROSPECT.

## I.

'Tis night!—midnight! an autumn midnight damp.  
Darkness—musty—sits in sullen silence,  
'Midst brown and withered leaves upon the grave  
Of Summer and its hopes, shadowing earth  
With the falling locks of her mildewed hair;  
Nor from high heaven's arc peers there a moon  
Or star into th' vast of utter blackness;  
And there's a fitful moaning in the air,  
As if some muffled ghost lipped coming storm;  
And now a meteor slants the darkness,  
And is lost in the immensity of gloom:  
I marvel if it may not be lighting  
Some passing spirit to the other world.  
In slumber deep I would shut out the night,  
But cannot! I sit and rock the throbbing  
Vein and aching nerve of being, and gaze  
Intent, through eyelids closed, along the dim  
Seen track of footprints left in other days  
On childhood's path; and as the wand of thought  
Strikes the sepulchre of memory, and rakes  
The ashy film from off the mouldering past,  
I see arise the wan and palsied ghosts  
Of buried years! Would it were tenantless!

## II.

Where Ulster brinks and stems the rising wave,  
I stand, or seem to stand, where oft I stood  
In orphan boyhood. Lorn I stand upon  
The cliff that beetles o'er the "Dead-Man's Cave,"  
Where Atlantic tides, in peaceful moments  
Slumber, whose dusky base for ages palled  
Has withstood the shock of waters scooped from  
Old ocean's depth, high piled in rolling hills,  
And heaved dark green, foaming, and furious,  
By fierce and mighty winds, bearing no scar  
Of ocean nor of tempest's rage. I gaze  
Far out upon the expanse of waters,  
High ridged with swells of sullen front, and brow,  
Thick wreathed with wrathful froth, or calm as  
dream  
Of slumbering virgin, mirroring forth  
The rainbow, a miracle of its God,  
And mark the freighted bark, like a tiny  
Speck, by distance fixed against the far-off  
Slanting rim of vision, and sigh to be  
Of her, and marvel much what aspect hath  
In other climes, and long to roam therein ;  
Or, listless, stretch me on the fallow bint,  
And hail the shifting clouds—creating there  
A boyish world ; or, lulled to sleep by sob  
Of fretful ripples, or dash of breakers  
Panting with the pulse of storm, I vision  
Of sunny lands, with balmy winds and skies

Serene, deep fringed with amber-tinted clouds,  
And streamers tipped with wavy gold, and rays  
Of never-failing day, and scenes how grand,  
Of graded mounts cloudward rising, and clad  
With shags of growth primeval, and broad sheets  
Of liquid sheen, imbosomed 'mid shaley  
Reefs, and grim hoary cliffs,—old survivors  
Of the mighty deluge; and scenes how fair,  
Of blooming hills, and glades, and tuneful streams,  
And vales of waving pine, and plains immense  
Of nodding grain, and grazing herds of all  
The cattle kind; and cities vast, and loud  
With noise of trade; and hamlets touched with  
calm!

And breathing softly homelike air,—all free  
And peopled with congenial kind; and forms  
Of love, and light, and melody and joy—  
All offsprings of a lone and yearning heart!

## III.

I turn, as of yore, and yonder, beneath  
The low descending sun, stand Rossenver  
Abbey's crumbling walls, where ivy creeps  
And twines a garland green o'er the hallowed  
Dust of my forefathers and their offspring.  
Ah! there rests a parent dear—my mother  
Fond—whose spirit fled while I, unconscious  
Of the light gone out—the love forever  
Gone—the treasure lost—dropped no mourning tear;

Or, if I did, 'twas but a simple child's :—  
Of that my memory holds no record,  
Nor shadowy lineament of her face  
Nor form, nor tone of voice—that voice so dear  
To man, thrills the chords of my heart's being.  
'Tis said she was of comely mould, with hair  
Of auburn tint and wavy wealth, and eyes  
Of fondest blue, and loved her boy full well !  
And there are graves whose shrouded occupants  
I honored not, nor do I now. Perchance  
The feeling is merciless, unholy—  
But not unmerited. Youth, when slighted,  
Has in it a bitterness instilled, which  
Grows apace with age, and takes, in manhood,  
Haply of gloom, a deeper shade and shape,  
And tone more isolated, entombing  
The shivering heart of blasted sympathy  
In a realm of dusk grim phantoms peopled,  
Rayless and void of peace, or hope, or tone  
Of joyous cadence, as that which fasting  
Hermits wisely pass their terrestrial span  
In calm solitude telling beads to shun.  
My nature was to love, and kind ; and my  
Heart's tide did rush all glowing to mingle  
With congenial floods, but found none, when it  
Did ebb, all chilled, nor flowed again—but has  
Become a glacier cold which knows no thaw.  
But let the dead repose ! I have triumphed  
And outlived them all, though still young in years !  
But ah, how sear in heart ! Meseems I hear

The clank, clank, clank of years, as from the wheel  
Of Time they drop into the past, and feel  
Their weight, weight, weight, down crush my  
groaning heart.

—There rest my kindred—many, but not all.  
Some sleep in other lands, where freemen dwell,  
And banners bright and broad, in starry folds  
Float triumphant on the dome of liberty !  
And speech hath freedom, as the mountain air,  
Or pinion of eagle bold, high soaring,  
And right hath equal laws for rich and poor,  
Nor ban of race, nor clime, nor soil, nor creed  
Debars th' alien from her laurelled glory !  
I, too, may rest my ashes there. In them  
I've wandered long, with friendship kind, and love  
Them well, and deem it honor high to fill  
A freeman's grave. Yet I would lay my earth  
With my foresires in mine own land—the land  
Where I was born ; though Freedom hath no voice  
Nor temple there, but bondage dwells, and tears  
Fall fast, and woe is on the passing breeze !

## IV.

I wander, as of yore. My steps incline  
To the wild beach. I pause—I mark the swell  
Of toppling billows far out upon  
The drear of ocean. On, still on they come  
With turgid mane, billow after billow—  
Loud breathing. On they rush, and dash, and split

Their briny hearts against that "Sentinel  
Rock," 'mid distance fixed, and firm on its base,  
Now backward fall the liquid particles  
Like spits of foamy wrath, from monster jaws  
Of death! Now faltering pause. Now hissing  
Rush on the shore, and creep along the strand,  
And faint—expire in gasps, where at I stand.  
Oh, treacherous deep! thou tyrant arrogant!  
In thy power thou dost wreck and ruin;  
And thou wouldst compass all! and gird the globe  
With belt of brine, and choke all living dust,  
And thou wouldst drench the plains and valleys fair  
And rot the fruited sod! and thou wouldst camp  
Upon the green-haired hills, and seek to reach  
The sun! wert thou not spaced by High Command!  
How like unto proud man, thou art, in his  
Ambition, and as him, how light thou art,  
Not even a midge's weight in the great scale  
Of God's omnipotence! One breath from Him,  
And parched are thy remotest depths, one look,  
And Man drops into dusty nothingness.  
And yet, oh sea! I love thee, e'en when thy  
Wrath ascends in air, and clasps th' hanging clouds.  
But more—still more I value thee, oh main!  
When thy waters glass th' firmament in peace,  
And thy argent ripples murmur softly  
Along thy rock-guarded coasts, a dreamy  
Song of earnest quietude. 'Twas thy voice  
First schooled mine infant ear to sound; and thy  
Dirge th' harmony which lulled mine early dreams.



## V.

Low in the tented west, the setting sun  
Spans the receding tide with purple shaft,  
And a slanting shimmering glory lights  
The lessening wave! And Lo! brown Evening  
shakes

The dusky tufts of her cloudy hair locks  
O'er yonder hoary crags by "Finner" strand:—  
Fair strand of pearl sand, still dear to memory.  
The tide is "Out!" and now the level rocks  
Appear, where Dillisk, Sloak, and Mussels grow,  
The crescent beach is strewn with tinted shells,  
And shining weeds, plucked from ocean dingles  
By the ebb and flow of shifting waters.

The sea-gull, pillowed on her cradle wave,  
Shrieks wild, discordant notes as night drops on  
The deep. The curlew, homeward bound, with bold  
Wing cleaves the darkling air, and circling  
Sweeps around her cliff-girt eyrie. The winds  
Are up, and at their nightly revels. Hark!  
In yonder cave they clap their rebel wings,  
And shout "Eternity! Eternity!"

These were my friends of yore: these have my soul  
Communed with: to these my lips have muttered  
Thoughts of strange conception—thoughts which  
have no

Record. Then Youth, agape, at distance stood,  
With lips apart, and pale, in attitude  
Of timid mein; and Age, of knowledge full,

Looked on with wisdom's eye, and slowly shook  
Its scanty locks of autumn hair, and spake :  
The house of reason totters ! Alas ! poor  
Boy ! poor boy ! I fear he sits with madness ;  
Holding converse dread, with her peopled clouds !  
Perchance they erred not much, for I have felt,  
At times, odd promptings, and wished, this frail pulp  
Of living earth had withered ere 'twas flung  
To the winds of adversity to crisp  
And whip. Yet there has been on this plastic  
Globe—this patient nurse of flesh—this spacious  
Catacomb of man—beings who gave such  
Thoughts the shape and tone of words—words which  
hung

A chaplet on the brow of Time to beard  
Destruction ! But I am not of these. Mine  
Had creation, but they lived not—they were  
Blasted, ere the buds were in the blossom,  
I mourned not much. Fame holds aloft, and far,  
A bitter chalice ; and they who drink must  
Die ! Nor does the spirit, in eternity  
Aught better fare because of having quaffed  
The goblet brimming o'er with the applause  
Of man. Nor does its bones interred crumble  
In more peace beneath the costly sculptured  
Stone high raised, and called a mark of honor,  
Than in a modest grave, 'neath simple turf.  
Mine be a grave obscure—its head-stone a tear !

HER I LOVE.

Flitting, flitting go the bees  
Thro' the blossoms and the trees  
    In the glade;  
While I dream the fairest dreams,  
And still every vision seems  
    Of my love.  
O she is kind and refined,  
And her modesty of mind,  
    A jewel of worth  
Far beyond the gems of old,  
Far beyond the brightest gold  
    In the world!

Ripple, ripple goes the rill  
By the ever busy mill  
    In the vale,  
Where my cottage stands in shade,  
Waiting for the gentle maid  
    I most love.  
And I'm sighing for the day  
When the lads and lasses gay—  
    All smiling with joy—  
Shall welcome the tender maid,  
Now trembling by my side,  
    As its queen.

## WHEN WE PARTED YEARS AGO.

I see the stile down by the brook  
Where we parted years ago—  
When the evening sun was lighting  
Field and fern with summer glow ;  
And we lingered long and fondly,  
Fancy painting future days,  
Till the sun went down all golden  
Into twilight's amber haze.

Though years have gone—and summer suns  
Have decked the meads and bowers—  
And sunset tints and twilight grays  
Have crowned the blushing flowers—  
Still memory holds with magic will  
Each fond smile, and whisper low—  
As in that dream at twilight hour  
When we parted years ago.

## JUNE.

June roses blush on bushes green,  
And grasses tall their tassels nod,  
Brown berries cluster, and is seen  
The clover blossom deck the sod,  
And fragrance floats on every breeze  
From budded bloom and scented trees.

Streamlets gambol, lisp and prattle  
Through liquid shallows quaint and free,  
While waving fern gorse and nettle  
Lean far o'er the brink a canopy,  
And rushes trim, bend and quiver  
Where the wavelets make a river.

On the banks the sunbeams linger  
Where the wild bluebell's scented hair  
Mingles with the ladyfinger;  
And the dear primrose bright and fair—  
And daises lift their starry eyes  
To shining sisters in the skies.

On the wing the glad birds hover,  
And all the woods are loud with song,—  
While the bee, the busy rover  
Seeks for sweets the flowers among.  
And we will have the orchards soon  
Rich with the fruits of rosy June.

## MEMORY.

In twilight hours of mournful thought,  
When hope seems in the very tomb,  
And hapless throbs the aching heart  
O'er joys long fled  
With the dead !

Then memory lights the dreary gloom  
With some ray of former gladness,  
Which shone in hours without sadness,  
In the happy time long past,  
Too dearly cherished to last.

We hear again—the tones oft heard  
In the far distanced dream of youth,  
And see again the lips we loved,  
Smile sweet once more  
As of yore,  
As memory lifts the veil of truth  
With mild, and love compelling hand,  
And strikes the urn with magic wand,  
Where rest those treasured flowers  
Culled thro' life, in happy hours.

Ah ! who would ask oblivion's waves  
To drown the sorrow-laden past,  
If, with the tears, we'd lose those smiles

Which light the gloom  
Of this tomb ?

'Twere woful gaining Lethe's vast,  
If, from its dim abyssmal wave  
We were all powerless to save,  
Those gems long loved, and dearly,  
In the Casket of memory !

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## FORGIVENESS.

## I.

The urbane tenets of Justice are seemly  
In this big world, where man assumes to judge  
By lucid reasoning and precepts wise ;  
But man will err and take for truth what seems,  
Till seeming thralldom marks the line of being.  
The Pharisee still sits upon the highway,  
Big with the bulge of pompous righteousness,  
Replete in self, and loud against his Earth,—  
While Prudence from her stilted poise reviews  
The farce, and smirks beneath her placid front  
Of wisdom, a prude remiss in duty,—  
And Mercy's cloak, though ample in its folds  
To mantle all the woes that brand the flesh  
Hangs loosely and awry upon the world.

## II.

Justice hath all infinitive sublimity  
When 'tis wisely compassed within the pale  
Of mercy and forgiveness. Forgiveness,  
Voice of the bleeding Christ on Calvary,  
Looks beyond the stars, and sees of Heaven  
All radiant with the sun that never clouds,  
And hears Messiah's word ring loud and far  
Through starry aisles in vaulted realms of space,—



Where ponderous worlds wheel, in orbits vast,  
Submissive to the waving of His Hand ;  
And is the joy of angels, and the song  
Triumphant all through elysian valleys fair,  
And the calm of storms mundane, and the balm  
To burning ache of they who grieve in tears.

## III.

Many a heart down borne by weight of grief—  
Grief which hath no solvent in plausibility—  
For some misdoing, the will of passion  
Pressed by force of evil chance, or purpose  
Freighted with the wrong which blasts existence,  
Or a frail moment in the yielding flesh  
Which is mortal, and heavy with its dust,—  
If but forgiven, may soar again in faith  
To aerial heights, and far on pinions white,  
And take its place among the shining stars  
Resplendent in the sheen of one reclaimed ;  
Nor fall again—but be a light to guide  
Some wandering soul the way of Heaven—  
When Anthems swell and Paradise is glad.

## IV.

Charity of a worldly guild is not  
Sufficient to reach a poor broken heart ;  
Nor pauper's fare can slake the burning thirst  
Born of a hungry yearning after rest.  
Ah, many a life would embrace relief

And humbly kiss the dust with bleeding lips  
In patient penitence, that peace might live,  
If some true life went out to the weary  
And broken life, nor to reprove, but with  
Kind heart all warm with kindred sympathy  
Voice language sweet with hope of solace yet,  
A word—or look—or smile—may cause a true  
Repentance, and the soul be glad in bright  
Redemption, and Glory's chants arise in praise.

## V.

Full many a mind of highest power  
Endowed with gifts of rare and brightest glint,  
Hath stooped to earth to be of earth and sin ;  
And be an outcast from the house of man,  
To halt in byways murky with distress  
And faltering faint in the gloom of death ;  
No friendly hand outstretched to raise the fallen—  
No tender care to rest the weary head—  
No voice to whisper forgiveness—and so  
The way was dark unto a nameless grave.  
How many lie in moundless graves—unknown—  
Unheeded by kindred—or stranger's pity !  
How few to weep the end of those misled  
In life's unsteady pace for good or ill !

## VI.

When the Shadow stands with icy finger  
Pressed on the fainting heart—and lips are mute—

And gray damp sheets the brow—and the dim eyes  
 See but the shroud and grave—the word forgiven  
 Cadenced softly into the dying ear  
 Makes light the pang that yields the passing breath.  
 Who would withhold the word of peace, what God  
 Desires, and death removes our kindred clay?  
 Who may proclaim what trial sore beset  
 A Brother or a Sister? who condemn  
 An act the promptings of which they know not?  
 How little know we of the inner life  
 Of those we judge with harsh and flippant tongue,  
 Nor think, have we a right *to cast a stone?*

VII.

A broken faith may be a heart's undoing,  
 Or death invade where true love was nurtured,  
 Leaving no vestige of the angel there,  
 Or evil counsel pander to a weakness  
 Unguarded by conception of how, or where  
 Temptation leads, until the way grows dark,  
 And the wanderer is lost in gloom debarred;  
 Or Slander vile, with leer oblique, and tongue  
 With venom tipped, may falsify and blacken,  
 And sting the being into wild distraction;  
 Misdeeds may follow far beyond the reach  
 Of human will to guard and serve the peace,  
 While human edicts mark the bounds, nor grant  
 Respite, and thus a life goes out—unknelled!

## OLD ERIN MAVOURNEEN.

Cease, oh cease, those numbers flowing  
Of fairer scenes and brighter skies ;  
Sing me not of beauties glowing,  
Where south winds whisper balmy sighs ;  
For I have strayed through other lands,  
Long years a pilgrim on duty,  
And I have seen the golden sands  
On many a shore of beauty,—  
But none so fair, ah ! none so dear,  
As that green isle, my native isle,  
Old Erin mavourneen !

Sing me not of blossoms blowing  
In scented groves of orange bloom,  
Sing me not of essence flowing  
Through arbors rich in wild perfume ;  
For I have seen the flowers blush  
In far vistas gay and sunny ;  
And I have known the sweets that gush  
Amid floral wilds, and many,—  
But none so fair, ah ! none so dear,  
As that green isle, my native isle,  
Old Erin mavourneen !

Sing me not of rivers flowing,  
And airs that sigh through valleys grand;  
Sing me not of sunsets glowing  
O'er landscapes touched by magic hand;  
For I have seen some valleys fair,  
Green hills, and bright rivers streaming;  
And I have felt the balmy air  
At the sunset's golden gleaming,—  
But none so fair, ah! none so dear,  
As that green isle, my native isle,  
Old Erin mavourneen!

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## IOLA.

## THE BARD'S LAST SONG.

Come, dear harp of many a song,  
In fond youth, unclouded ever,  
Tho' shattered now, and silent long,—  
One sweep—then we hush forever ;  
'Tis for the lost in other days ;  
Softly, oh, my soul, breathe her praise !

Since last I heard her living voice,  
Long years have fled on time's pinion,  
And many gems of my heart's choice  
Have sank, for aye, in oblivion ;  
Yet, still Iola's memory chaste,  
Is an oasis in the waste !

Nor can the braidless brow of time  
Frown her image from my being ;  
Nor fortune fair, nor want, nor clime,  
One dear feature mark as dying,  
While this frail mould of breathing clay  
Braves the wild storm of life's affray.

And if there be, as I believe,  
A *Hope* in yonder blue expanse,  
It ends not with the voiceless grave,  
Nor in that mysterious trance  
Where spirits linger till the last  
Sun sets, and earth, and death are past.

Nor was she dear to me alone ;  
Oft I have seen around her tomb  
Big tears fall fast—affection's own—  
From many hearts in sorrow's gloom,  
Albeit on earth there was no heart  
—Of kindred vein, or pulse, or part.

She had no kindred from her birth ;  
'Twas then her blue-eyed mother pressed  
Her babe, for the last time on earth,  
To her fond heart, then sank to rest,  
Just as an April tearful moon  
Told on the dial night's solemn noon.

She was the last of a bold race,  
Whose honest hearts bled for freedom,  
And time loud echoing thro' space,  
Shall shout their praise in years to come,  
And justice light the nether gloom  
That shrouds the history of their doom !

For souls yet in the womb of time  
Shall fan to light their smould'ring fire,  
And 'venge the wrong—the tyrant's crime—

Their bleeding fall—with sword of ire,  
And wipe, upon the tested plain,  
From freedom's shield, the gory stain.

Iola's land shall yet be free?

Her silent harp shall sing once more !  
Her banners float o'er soil and sea !

Her people shout for evermore  
“God and Freedom ! the Shamrock green !”  
Our mottoes fair—our hearts their screen !

Oh ! would that I could truly paint  
Her image fixed within my heart,  
Or could express in language quaint,  
Each winning grace, and guileless art,  
And gentle word, and pleasing thought,  
Which made an Eden of her cot.

Oh ! she was fair in every plight ;  
Her brow was like the maiden snow,  
While descending in fleecy white,  
From the vast ethereal bow,  
Ere earth's brown lip doth rudely woo,  
And kiss away its spotless hue.

Her eyes were like the friendly stars  
That beam on earth when muffled Night  
Sits on her sombre throne, and bars  
Her portals 'gainst day's cheering light,  
And no meek-eyed moon looks loving  
On the mourner's path, nor dwelling.



Her cheeks outvied that glowing hue  
Which softly tints the eastern sky,  
When Aurora opes her eyes of blue,  
And flings her locks of golden dye  
On the zephyr's balmy wing,  
Which fans the brow of fragrant Spring.

Her lip, the ruby, with slight curl,  
Incessantly, in playful wiles,  
Displaying teeth, the purest pearl,  
In an ocean of sunny smiles—  
An ocean, when its waves sleep fast,  
Glassing heaven's cerulean vast.

Her breath, the perfume flowers cast,  
At dawn of summer's finest day,  
On the amorous, sighing blast,  
As it pursues its lambent way  
Thro' wilds remote, where Nature dwells  
Sole queen amid her floral dells.

Her voice, the softest melody,  
At twilight's tranquil hour of peace,  
Breathed in the sweetest symphony,  
O'er slumbering tide's waveless space ;  
When mermaids tune the vocal shell,  
All hushed the billow's sobbing swell.

Her hair, a flood of glossy ripples,  
Dark as the ebon wing of Night,  
Flowed o'er her calm, classic temples,

And round a neck, the fairest sight  
That ever lit the chaste desire  
To wake the muse's sacred lyre.

Her form was graceful and refined  
As e'er bedecked a child of clay,  
And had all symmetry combined  
Which artists linger to portray,  
And the while feel their souls expand,  
And inspiration nerve their hand.

Oh ! she was sinless as the dew  
That spangles the emerald hills,  
When gray dawn banks the ether blue,  
And morn pour forth in golden rills,  
And amber clouds, with tresses white,  
Hang blushing crimson in the light ;

Or as the waves, the spotless waves,  
That laugh along the western deep,  
When Sol stoops from his throne, and laves  
His refulgent brow, as they leap,  
To catch his farewell, burning kiss,  
Then quiver with ecstatic bliss.

'Tis done ! the last expiring note  
Dies trembling on my joyless ear ;  
The vital tide ebbs, and remote  
Melancholy, like shrouded bier,  
Comes 'twixt my soul and joyous light !  
Farewell, dear harp ! again 'tis night !

## FLOTSAM.

Lo ! an object floating low,  
Is slowly tending to the shore,  
With swaying motion on the flow !  
Ah ! a corse it is, and there  
I see the long silken hair  
Unveil a brow smooth and fair ;  
Poor shroudless one ! Hast drifted o'er  
The deep and briny billow  
To rest beneath the willow ?

Thy name or birth I learn not,—  
Or when or how thy fate befell.  
Thou hast no mark nor token brought  
To explain the mystery  
That surrounds the history  
Of the joy or misery  
Of thy young days. Ah, who may tell—  
Poor stranger from the billow  
Beached on a sandy pillow !

Thy past life may speak of woe,  
Or hope and love, I cannot tell—  
The secret I may never know.

Now perhaps some loved one pines  
As the daylight low declines,  
When thine image on him shines  
Thro' memory's twilight magic spell,  
In land beyond th' stormy waste  
Where wild ocean billows haste.

'Tis sad, one so fair and young,  
For death to smite beneath the deep.  
That lifeless form and silent tongue  
May late have been a treasure—  
Filling full the sweet measure  
Of parents' fondest pleasure,—  
But now, alas, from troubled sleep  
They may soon awake to grieve  
Their darling lost beneath th' wave !

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## MEMORY WAKES.

Memory wakes, and musing lonely  
O'er tender joys forever fled,  
Recalling visions that only  
Unite the living with the dead.

I remember, love speaking eyes  
Beaming fond a tender glory,  
And smiling lips with happy sighs  
Breathing love's first earnest story.

I remember a winning voice  
Softly o'er my senses stealing,  
With sweetest words of fondest choice  
That ever thrilled th' soul of feeling.

I remember—a wedding ring  
On finger white as mountain snow,  
On a balmy evening in spring  
In the happy time long ago.

Oh, happy days of early love! —  
Dear dreams of bliss forever past—  
Gone with the blest to peace above,  
Too purely fond, too bright to last.

Now dreams apparent never thrill  
The current flow of weary life,  
No gushing thoughts do ever fill  
My breast with hope and eager strife.

The present days do ne'er return  
One tone of faith, I valued then—  
One ray of light to brightly burn—  
One darling hope—I cherished then.

---

OH, HEART OF MINE, BE CALM!

Oh, heart of mine, be calm!  
Why dost thou yield to sorrow,  
When life can always borrow  
Of hope a brighter morrow,—  
A soothing taste of balm?  
Tho' it ever prove to be  
All delusive, as mist upon a mountain's crest,  
Or bubbles on a sea!  
Oh, cease to mourn and repine—  
Look to heaven, heart of mine,  
For the loved and lost!

Oh, heart of mine, be still!  
Tho' thy sun be all shaded,  
And thy summer bloom faded,  
Ere its prime hath down laid it  
'Neath the leaves of autumn chill,  
In a melancholy shroud,  
On the bosom of earth—parent kind of each birth,  
Whether humble or proud;—  
Oh, heart of mine, be not sad!  
Look to heaven, and be glad:  
Seek God with thy breath!

## MYSTERY.

Sometimes, day and night I ponder,  
On the mysteries up yonder  
    In the sky ;  
Ponder where my rest will be,  
Wonder if the blest I'll see  
    When I die : —

See the joy of friends true-hearted,  
See the bliss of friends departed  
    Years ago ;  
Hear the voice of the appointed,  
Hear the praise of the anointed  
    Sweetly flow

Thro' chancel choirs high in glory,  
Full of saints who live in story,  
    Since they died ;  
For their creed in early days,  
For their faith and pious ways  
    Martyrs tried.

Thus, I ponder long, and wonder  
Restless moments without number  
    All in vain ;



Comes no angel in the night,  
Comes no vision in daylight  
To explain.

No answer from the sunny bars  
No answer from the gleaming stars  
Is given.

Nothing reveals the history,  
Nothing unveils the mystery  
Of heaven.

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## DAYBREAK.

Now the nocturnal goddess, in dripping vest,  
Quickly seeks her cavern'd couch ; her dusty  
trail

Yet lingering on the mountain's dewy breast,  
Curls before the orient's softening gale.

The gray queen now usurps the ruling power,  
And marks with anxious eye the herald in the  
east ;

Lo ! her cheek how pale, as from yonder tower  
With purple girt, gleams the victor's flashing  
crest.

'Tis dawn ! Aurora shakes to the balmy blast  
Her golden curls, and waves her glistening hand ;  
Swiftly on, her dappled steeds obedient haste  
Along the yellow crescent to her command.

Ye just ! what a scene of glorious splendor !  
Wake, mortal, thou whose heart shields an artist's  
soul !

Dispel thy vision, murmur not how tender—  
Haste ! oh, haste ! and reach thy heart's cherished  
goal !

In the eastern sky behold yon world of sheen !  
There a lake of blue, by mist-clad banks half  
bound,  
With islands, a picturesque distance between,  
And amber lights, and deep purple shades around !

Here, shaped like the infant moon, a golden strand,  
Profusely kiss'd by silver-crested ripples,—  
Observe its border, how magic'ly planned,  
With shelving drifts resembling numerous pebbles.

Beyond, a somber plain, stretching to the base  
Of yonder mountain, crowned with blazing spires,  
Which fling a maroon shadow across the space  
Beneath its awe-inspiring sunlit fires.

Great heaven ! how lovely must be thy features,  
When thy veil displays such matchless sublimity !  
What sacred joy must swell the souls of creatures  
Permitted to gaze on thee for eternity.

Oh, frail pilgrim of the future—my deathless soul !  
Cast off the shackles that fetter thee to earth,  
And soar, with hope, where brighter planets roll,  
High above the miniature world of thy birth.

Shadows fade ! the lake of blue, the golden strand,  
The mist-clad banks, the isles, th' lights and  
shadows bold,  
The fire-crowned mountain, high towering and grand,  
Are lost, sunk, and quenched in an ocean of gold.

Lo, the God of Planets, o'er the shining deep,  
Gazing on his daughter Earth with kindling eye!  
Lo, the mists upon her breast, just woke from sleep,  
Rising like incense vast to his throne, the sky!

Now all is clear! the tinted clouds, sunny-faced,  
And crimson streamers in gorgeous piles are furled;  
'Tis day! brilliant as ever dawned in the east,  
To wake to light and praise a slumbering world!

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## THE PLIGHTED MAIDEN.

In time long coffined with the past,  
Far o'er the swell of ocean vast,  
    In a climate famed in story,  
On an isle, a sorrowing isle,—  
A land of wreck—a mourning pile—  
    A wraith of departed glory.

At eventide, the dewy hour,  
In thought reclined and in power,  
    A noble girl of presence fair,  
Hard by a stream of crystal sheen  
Which flowed two vernal banks between,  
    And paused awhile just here and there

To kiss the moss along its brim,  
And pout, and whisper low, and trim  
    The tasselled sedge's falling strand,  
Then bear along in careless glee  
Its freight of dead leaves to the sea,  
    To find a grave in alien sands.

On the moss, where the maid reclined,  
Low at her feet a fawn inclined,  
    With soft and patient eyes upraised

To her who smoothed its shapely head  
With snowy hand, and always fed  
The gentle pet her love had raised.

A relic old stood by her side,  
A jewelled harp of olden pride—  
An heirloom rich, and widely known  
As linked with song, and legends told  
Of other times in memory old,  
When bards still woke its sweetest tone.

'Twas told, it had in ancient times  
Oft thrilled the soul with sacred rhymes  
Within the consecrated walls  
Of convents pure; and often woke  
The soldier's pride, and nerved the stroke  
That pierced the Dane within his halls.

The maiden wore a simple guise,  
A fluted skirt of modest dyes  
Dropped to her ankle smooth and round,  
And kilted sleeves, and bodice low,  
Loop'd with string of pearls white as snow,—  
A fleecy scarf one shoulder bound.

Her brow was fair, but not alone;  
It seemed of thought the very throne,—  
The home of visions resplendent;  
Her eyes the stars in summer night,  
And shed a wealth of tender light  
All loving, pure, and transcendent.

Her cheek was rich with blushing hue,  
Her lips the rose all moist with dew  
    When morning lights the valleys dun ;  
And round her neck as snow-drift white,  
Strayed wayward ringlets like a light  
    Of golden circlets in the sun.

Her brow she leaned upon one hand,  
The other press'd a flower bland—  
    A lily blossom white and pure ;  
Her eyelids droop'd, at length, too weak—  
Their long fringe rested on her cheek,  
    A sunny gleam, a ray secure.

She slept—her breathing deep and fast ;  
She dreamed—'twas of the pleasing past  
    Happy hours to pleasure given ;  
Her bosom sighed—she breathed a name,  
Soft as an angel's mercy theme  
    Pleading for souls to be forgiven.

'Twas his, her lover, then afar,  
A noble in his country's war,—  
    A hero on the battlefield ;  
And then she spake, as if aware  
That he caress'd and kissed her there,  
    Fond dreaming, happy, guileless child.

A wayward zephyr's sudden start  
Shook the slumbering leaves apart,  
    With fragrant breath of evening balm,

And woke the maiden in her dream  
Of him most dear 'neath starry beam,  
    Whate'er betide thro' storm or calm ;

When thus she spake : " Ye winds and leaves,  
Ah ! why disturb a maid who grieves—  
    Weary days in gloom benighted ?  
Ah ! why dispel my dream of bliss ?  
Ah ! why prove false that greeting kiss  
    That Eden of love united ? "

Anon she heard a step approach,  
And rising from the mossy couch  
    Whereon she had lately slumbered,  
Threw back the wealth of golden hair,  
From o'er the brow of beauty rare,  
    While her vesper beads she numbered.

It was her sire, infirm and hoar,  
And in his feeble hand he bore  
    With trembling guise, a parchment scored  
With lines of red, and inky seal,  
Full plain and bright as burnished steel,  
    And cutting deeper than a sword—

Into the heart of yearning love,  
Despoiling all the treasure throve,  
    Caressed, and guarded well for years ;  
Leaving nothing of joy behind,  
Leaving nothing but grief unkind  
    And traces deep of burning tears.



Oh, dismal seal ! thou silent, brief  
Forerunner of the coming grief ;—  
Thou loveless messenger of woe ;  
Thou hast caused full many a moan—  
Many a sob—many a groan—  
Many a wretched tear to flow ;—

Yea, tears enough from doleful eyes,  
And weary hearts, worn out with sighs,  
To wash all white the darkest stain  
That mars th' brightest spot, or feature  
In creation's human nature,—  
Or well the desert's arid plain.

The flush forsook the maiden's cheek,  
Transfixed she bowed, nor could she speak,  
Pallid she stood, with vacant look ;—  
The spell at length gave o'er—she cried  
As tears adown her cheek did glide,  
And her raised hands with tremor shook—

“Speak ! oh, father fond ! he—he's dead !”  
The father bowed his aged head,  
And crossed his arms upon his breast,  
Then heaved a long and heavy sigh,  
While tears fast falling dimmed his eye,  
And trickled down his bearded chest.

Then suddenly, the smould'ring fire  
Of his youth, and the noble ire  
Of his proud heart and mighty soul,—

Schooled for years in moral patience—  
Schooled for years in Christian vengeance—  
    Flashed forth wild ; spurning time's control,

He stood, with lofty brow upraised,  
As to the distance dim he gazed,  
    With darkening vision, and grave ;  
Then dashing from his furrowed cheek  
A struggling tear, thus did he speak  
    In accents deep, and language brave :

“ On yonder woful plain afar  
Our banner trails in blood ; our star  
    Has set in gloom from shore to shore,  
And sombre drifts of low'ring clouds  
Droop along like burial shrouds,  
    O'er the field of death and gore !

“ The foe has won, our country's lost,  
And freedom wails along our coast,  
    But wails in vain ; her bleeding braves  
Fall fast, sustaining equal laws,  
Fall fast, upholding freedom's cause,  
    Fall fast ; O God ! yet die in gyves !

“ Thy lover sleeps ; his flashing shield  
Was foremost on the sanguine field,  
    In battle's rage and hottest strife ;  
His last bold look was for the free ;  
His dying words were all of thee,  
    His cherished love, his plighted wife.”

The maiden heard, and cadence came  
From her white lips of his dear name,  
And noble mien and comely grace,—  
Like the sad moan of streams, and sighs  
Of mournful winds, when autumn dies  
In slow December's late embrace.

She ceased, her eyes to heaven cast,  
Then sank to earth,—a gentle blast  
Just then wandering slowly by,  
Caressed the death-dew on her brow,—  
Kissed the dear lips, all silent now,  
Then bore away her long, last sigh.

Still as the sculptured stone she lay,  
Nor sign of animated clay  
Her fair mould of earth gave token ;  
Loosely clasped in her slender hands  
Her waving tresses, shining bands ;  
All ties of earth rudely broken.

Her sire, kneeling, deplored his child  
In accents fond, and then in wild  
Lament and agony he cried,  
And chafed her brow and kissed her cheek,  
And prayed her silent lips to speak,  
And bless him once before she died.

'Twas vain ; his fond voice she heard not,  
His paternal kiss she felt not,—  
Nor tender pressure of his hands,

For as he kissed, her young heart's blood  
Flowed thro' her lips a crimson flood,  
And flushed the gorse and yarrow's strands.

The maiden's spirit wandered free  
In starry isles beyond the sea  
That bounds the earth and earthly dross ;  
A virgin robed in lily white,  
A virgin crowned with shining light,  
Amid the legions of the Cross.

The gentle fawn pillowed the dead :—  
Pillowed the maiden's lovely head  
With tresses long of brightest gold ;  
And the flower she pressed so bland  
Lay dim and withered in her hand,  
A faded blossom dead and cold.

The sorrowing winds softly sighed  
Around the harp of olden pride,  
And swept its chords ; heavy laden  
With weird notes all void of gladness,  
And mournful strains full of sadness,  
O'er *that* true and plighted maiden.

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## I'VE WANDERED FAR.

I've wandered far, but yet no joy  
Has blest me night and morn,  
Like that I knew when but a boy  
In th' land where I was born.

Though there is gloom and woful grief  
In that land of bondage long,  
And weary hopes of just relief  
To servile toil and wrong :—

Yet faith still lives that time will see  
My Country's rising star,  
Shed luster on brave liberty  
In peace, or righteous war.

Fast friends I've known in other land  
And kindness true I've met,  
Where justice holds the balance, and  
All men are free and great.

And Plenty smiling ever meets  
The wanderer to her shore,  
With open hands and kindly greets  
The stranger to her store.

Yet there's no place on this wide earth  
That holds my heart its lover,  
Like that green isle my place of birth  
Old Innisfail, forever.

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## MY LOVE.

Waving, waving goes the corn  
In the breezy, breezy morn  
    Of joy ;  
While I meet, and I greet  
    My love.  
O she's fair, and she's rare,  
With rings of shining hair  
    On her brow,  
And her coming is a joy  
To her ever-trusting boy  
    In his heart.

Ripple, ripple go the leaves,  
And the golden, golden sheaves,  
    At noon ;  
While I press, and caress  
    My love.  
O she's near, and she's dear,  
And her words sweetest cheer  
    To my life ;  
And her presence is a joy  
To her ever-fondest boy  
    In his heart.

Singing, singing go the birds  
In their sweetest, sweetest words

At eve.

While I bless, and I kiss

My love.

O she's neat, and she's meet,

And the smile is ever sweet

On her lip,

And her wooing is a joy

To her ever-truthful boy

In his heart.

Glinting, glinting go the stars

Thro' the fleecy, fleecy bars

At night ;

While I gaze, and I praise

My love.

O she's bright, and she's light

At morning, noon and night

To my soul,

And her loving is a joy

To her ever-constant boy

In his heart.

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## TURGESIUS.

## I.

Again the Scandinavians ride  
Upon the north sea's glancing tide—  
A reckless horde from many shores—  
And crowd th' decks of fleet at anchor,  
Along th' beach they came to conquer  
And plunder of her sacred stores.

## II.

Turgesius, the Danish Sea-kong,  
The redhaired brave of vulgar song,  
Is leader of this robber host,—  
This pagan horde athirst for blood,  
These red barbarians of the flood,—  
Invading Erin's fated coast.

## III.

When the vesper bell ceased ringing,  
And a choir of nuns were singing  
Of heaven's glory and its joys,—  
And the incense rising softly  
Round the crucifix, and sweetly  
Through the Minster of Clonmacnoise.

## IV.

And the people humbly kneeling,  
In their hearts responsive feeling,  
    Join the melody to Him on high ;  
Where myriad saints of God confessed,  
Around His throne in spotless vest,  
    Await to greet who righteous die.

## V.

Unaware the fast approaching  
Of the vandal scourge, enroaching  
    On sacred rights and fatherland—  
Unprepared for strife in warring,  
Quiet now the native daring  
    Of their bold and vigorous hand.

## VI.

Through the evening's golden blazing,  
And the twilight's purple hazing,  
    Came the mongrels of pagan birth ;  
Came the Danes with vile expression,  
Of the altars took possession,  
    And dashed the crucifix to earth.

## VII.

With polluted hand, and gory,  
Tore the vestal veil of glory  
    From the brow of holy sisters ;

And placed a hybrid pagan wife  
Over the rights and Christian life  
Of Messiah's house of ministers.

## VIII.

In the gloom of a starless night,  
Flashed the red torch's baleful light,  
Along Armagh's thrice-plundered plains ;  
And the gray of early dawning  
Revealed burning homes, and mourning  
O'er blackened corse and bleeding veins.

## IX.

Again on Bangor's sacred walls,  
The savage hand of ruin falls,  
The chancel star is quenched in blood,  
The church a scene of plunder riot,  
Her people fled or lying quiet  
In death's cold clasp of brotherhood.

## X.

On the altar where had stood th' Cross  
And tabernacled gems of the Mass,  
Turgesius, th' heathen pirate, sits  
Proclaimed a bishop, by his throng,  
'Mid jest and laugh and ribald song,  
And that vile which blasphemy emits.

## XI.

His robes yet dripping with the blood  
Of the Saviour's anointed priesthood,  
The pillars of Christianity ;  
Slain in the act of adoration,  
Slain in the act of supplication  
For the pardon of humanity.

## XII.

Dread sacrilege accursed, oh man,  
Thou puppet of an instant's span  
To insult the high Divinity,  
Can all the tears in northern zone,  
Bleach out this stain, or blood atone,  
Such deed against the Trinity !

## XIII.

Bangor bright star of classic light,  
Joy to the pilgrim student's sight,  
Nursery of moral thought, and bright  
Revealings of the living God,  
Pride of the land where Patrick trod,  
Thy beam of glory pales in night !

## XIV.

Thy cloisters are dark and lonely,  
Gone are thy culdees,\* and only  
The ruffian stranger's rail is loud

\* Priests.

Where, day and night, rose on the air  
The song of praise, and humble prayer  
To Him beyond the mystic cloud.

## XV.

In space where the cold grayish light  
Of the moon, makes a dim twilight,  
Garlands lie on thy chancel stone  
Withered and dead, nor pulse doth beat  
To a chorister's caroling sweet,  
Nor to voice of a priestly tone.

## XVI.

Wandering o'er the dreary morass,  
Or through the rugged mountain pass,  
Or 'neath the dusk of pensile rock  
In cave by ocean's stormy coast,  
Thy shepherds offer up the Host  
For deliverance of their flock.

## XVII.

Once more as one the clans unite,  
And balefires blaze on every height.  
Ireland united is a power  
To cope with tyranny, and hurl  
From her sea cliffs, the alien churl  
Who dare assault her Christian tower.

## XVIII.

Again the Celt is in the field  
With whetted pike, and burnished shield,  
And vengeance gleams in either eye;  
Firmly he grasps the charging spear  
And keen-edged axe for quarters near,  
And shouts the Ard-Righ's battle cry.

## XIX.

The morning star was fading fast  
When th' Celtic clans in vigor past  
Along th' braes of Meath, and many  
A mother's prayer rose with the light  
That showed Cross and Flag shining bright  
O'er the field of proud Glass-Linni.

## XX.

Malachi the First leads the van,  
Each daring chieftain and his clan  
Arrayed in battle line, and brave,  
Tread firmly o'er the dewy soil,  
Nor does one heart with fear recoil,  
Each look to fill a hero's grave.

## XXI.

Along the ranks the word is given,  
" Celts, for your homes, and for heaven,  
Strike to-day with avenging hand !

Each heart be sure, whate'er befalls,  
That righteous duty loudly calls  
To stand or fall for faith and land !

## XXII.

“ Think of your altars desecrated !  
Think of the hearthstones desolated !  
Think of your kindred's dying moan !  
Let this fair field be damp with gore,  
Pierce the invader to the core !  
Let this day for sacrilege atone !

## XXIII.

“ Think of homesteads fagot lighted !  
Think of maidens wronged and blighted !  
Hear the wail of age in sorrow !  
With steady aim press home the spear,  
Glut well the axe, nor once forbear  
Death to-day, or free to-morrow ! ”

## XXIV.

Now Malachi marks on Doul's crag,  
Turgesius standing near his flag  
Within a square of ready spears,  
“ Forward,” Malachi cries, “ nor stop  
Till yonder flag accursed we lop,  
And crop the chief of hell's compeers ! ”

## XXV.

The mail-clad Danes now feel the stroke,  
And wavering slant, the line is broke,  
    And slaughter swells the pile of dead,  
The cloven skull, and battered breast  
Are trampled in the clotted dust,  
    As step-stone serves the gasping head.

## XXVI.

The day wears on, nor ends the fight  
Till dusk spreads out the cloak of night,  
    Over the horrid scene of blood ;  
And scattered fly the vanquished Danes  
Over the moors, and seaward plains  
    To seek some refuge on the flood.

## XXVII.

All fast and fierce the Celts pursue,  
A ridge of slain their pathway strew,  
    Along the way to ocean's brink.  
The foe hard pressed on every side  
Drops in the surf, and breasts the tide,  
    Some gain a plank while numbers sink.

## XXVIII.

In prison chains Turgesius lies ;  
Despair lurks in his brooding eyes,  
    No faith in life to light the grave,



No shining deed to mark his life,  
But savage wrong, and gory strife  
On land invaded, or on wave.

## XXIX.

'Tis not sure where or how he died ;  
Some say on land, others 'neath th' tide  
Where rolls Ainnin's darkest billow,  
Befitting tomb for corse debarred  
The hallowed ground of burial yard,  
Such earth would desecrate th' willow.

## XXX.

The day was won—but sorrow knelt  
By many a brave and fallen Celt,  
And sad th' strain of Cahall aroon,  
The war-worn bard with long white hair,  
As turf was laid on his clansmen there,  
'Neath watching stars and rising moon.

## XXXI.

Many a cot on rugged steep,  
Many a home in valleys' sweep,  
Had a vacant stool by the hearth.  
Many a mother worn and gray,  
And blooming bride of yesterday,  
Mourned the loss of their joy on earth.

## XXXII.

Victory hath its joy, and grief;—  
A battle won may give relief  
    To thousands, and the victor's tread  
Be heard with joy, and loud applause  
Greet his presence at every pause,—  
    While thousands, alas, weep their dead.

## XXXIII.

Yet, proud may be the tears that fall  
For him who hears his country's call,  
    And fighting, finds a soldier's grave.  
'Tis better far to be no more,  
Than linger on this mortal shore  
    In manhood's state, and be a slave.

## XXXIV.

Grim want, and bondage long, impart  
A servile credence to the heart,  
    And brooding still in dark refrains  
O'er fading hope's still lessening rays,  
And weary count of wasted days,  
    Leaves but the ghost of man in chains.

---

THE DYING ORPHAN.

I.

A poor orphan girl, forlorn and pale,  
Knelt by a grave on a wintry night ;  
Fast fell her tears, and sad her wail,  
While the snowdrops wove a garland white  
O'er her brow upturned and braidless hair  
Full dark as the tomb, and floating wild,  
As with white lips, on the midnight air,  
She breathed this lament, poor orphan child,  
To her mother in heaven !

II.

“ Ah ! sad is the night on this wild heath,  
And wofully croaks the dark-wing'd raven,  
Dismally perched yon tower beneath,  
By lightnings fierce long rent and riven ;  
But sadder still is my heart within—  
Faint and alone, on this dreary wild,  
A friendless waif in this world of sin,  
Since thou hast left thy poor orphan child,  
Dearest mother in heaven !

## III.

“ No gentle voice in my joyless ear  
Soothingly whispers a sweet relief  
To my weary soul’s unceasing tear,  
That flows from a fount of endless grief.  
They say that my heart is void of love,  
And my pale, sad lips, have never smiled !  
Ah ! none doth know but thy soul above,  
The deathless love of thy orphan child,  
Fondest mother in heaven !

## IV.

“ My lips grow still, and mine eyes grow dim,  
And faint is the throb of my sick heart ;  
I know ’tis Death, but I fear not him—  
His icy touch can no pang impart !  
Farewell, earth ! adieu, mortality !  
Lo ! I am coming, sweet spirit mild,  
To thy changeless home of purity !  
Oh ! press to thy heart thy orphan child,  
My own mother in heaven !

---

## EILEEN MACHREE.

The fields are bright with morning sheen,  
And balmy winds lightly stray,  
The linnet sings a song of love  
On the dewy heather spray ;  
There's light and joy where'er I gaze,  
And rich verdure fair to see,  
Yet light and song and joy and bloom  
But remind me all of thee :—  
In death's lone sleep, where willows weep,  
My lost Eileen Machree.

On such a morn not long ago,  
We wandered through the heather,  
Your hand in mine and heart to heart,  
Responding to each other ;  
Thy cheeks were red, thine eyes were true,  
And sweet the lips that blest me,  
And dear the voice that made my joy,  
Ere 'neath the turf they laid thee :—  
In death's lone sleep, where willows weep,  
My lost Eileen Machree.

Oh, sunny morn of earnest bliss,  
How short thy day of gladness !  
Oh, early joy of love and hope,  
How soon to fade in sadness !

Oh, Eileen fond, I'll still revere  
Each fair scene so loved by thee,  
And vigils keep and flowers strew  
Around the turf that folds thee : —  
In death's lone sleep, where willows weep,  
My lost Eileen Machree.

---

## GALLANT SHIP.

Gallant ship that sails the ocean  
Far away to distant lea,  
Bring me back my heart's devotion  
Give me back my love to me ;  
My sailor brave 's a handsome laddie  
True and strong as one can be,  
In the storm he's always ready  
In his heart he loves but me.

Gallant ship I watch thy coming  
O'er the wide and restless sea,  
When I hear the night winds humming  
Round my cot and o'er the lea ;  
Thy sailor bold to me is plighted  
And dear to me as he can be,  
On the beach I still keep lighted  
A signal torch to welcome thee.

Gallant ship with white sails steady  
Catch the breeze for homeward lea,  
Bring me back my darling Freddie,  
Give me back my love to me ;  
And I'll bless thy voyage ever,  
And thy sailor lads shall be  
Beacon stars in my heart forever,  
Gallant ship bring my love to me.

## NOVEMBER.

The spiders now have ceased to spin  
From old rafters in the barn,  
Their silken snares so slick and thin  
Nor the old webs will they darn ;  
For flies have dropped 'neath palsied wing  
And all the tribe with nippers,  
While crawling bugs do closely cling  
Round rotten rails and sleepers.

In the haggard among the ricks  
The feathered flock are scratching,  
And the big rooster tells his chicks  
'Tis rather cool for hatching ;  
And further down in slushy pool  
The ducks and geese are sailing,  
While by the brink on snowdrift cool  
A gander loud is railing.

In the paddock round by the barn  
The lowing kine are standing,  
Chewing a cud of husky corn  
Some shelter loud demanding ;  
While in the croft beyond the glen  
The fleecy fold are bleating  
In rapid tones each now and then  
As if their wrongs debating.



Up in yonder field of stubble  
Some turkeys hold a meeting,  
Th' fat ones stare agape with trouble  
As a gobbler stands relating :  
"Thanksgiving's day is coming on  
So look sharp what you're about,  
Certain it is the fattest one  
Will roast with its insides out."

And now just see them, saucy lads,  
Sturdy John and Neddie,  
Fast pelting their old jolly dads  
With snowballs rough and ready ;  
Hark ! from the house is heard the call  
"Halloo there, stop your freaks,  
Supper's ready, come one and all  
There are piles of buckwheat cakes."

---

## I'M WEARY.

I'm weary ! My heart seems like a ruined altar  
In some deserted temple's darkling hall,  
My eyes grow dim with tears, and my accents falter,  
When I look back, and the dim past recall !  
Where is the truth ? where the faith of childhood ?  
Where are the joys ? ah, where the friends of yore ?  
There are shadows lengthening in the wildwood,  
Upon the grave-mound of careless boyhood  
Where they sleep, I can trust—can love no more !  
Vain are life's dreams—sad their recollection !  
Vain are its hopes—fleeting its affection !  
Joy to-day, to-morrow deep dejection !  
Its sweetest cup hath dregs of bitter gall,  
And yet, tho' young, I've known and felt them all.

## SHOULD YEARS TO COME.

Should years to come but give us tears,  
As hand in hand we onward tread  
Thro' this valley of doubts and fears,  
Until we number with the dead,—  
We'll still love on, my dearest!  
Still hoping ever for the best,  
And smile at fate, my dearest,  
When fortune bad is at its worst.

There's weal and woe in every life,  
No matter when or where on earth,  
Each mortal has to meet the strife  
And pain belonging to its birth.  
And thus you see, my dearest,  
Each heart must have its own unrest,  
And meet its fate, my dearest,  
When fortune bad is at its worst.

So let us meet the coming years  
Close hand in hand, as best we may,  
And give them smiles instead of tears,  
Each trouble standing in our way;  
And time will show, my dearest,  
That loving hearts may still have rest;  
And smile at fate, my dearest,  
When fortune bad is at its worst.

## THOUGHTS WHILE GAZING ON A LILY.

Fair flower, I would you were an altar  
For nuptials decked ; thy fragrance, incense ;  
And she, in bridal robes, to falter  
In my glad soul a vow so intense,—  
That thou, O ancient jewel, sparkling  
With thy pristine light, sweet evening star,  
Would pause to hear, and then, rejoicing,  
Bear the tidings to strange worlds afar !

## FAITH.

One prayer of Faith ! is surer far  
To gain the height, from star to star,  
And reach the mighty Ear afar,—  
Than all bequeathed to lauded cares,  
Than all the words, and sighs, and tears  
That legions drop for countless years.

## BUDDING BLOOM.

The spring is here, the air is soft,  
And leaflets budding free  
On bank and slope, in early croft,  
On sprig and branching tree.  
And rivers flowing,  
Are smoothly going  
To the far shining sea,  
And birds low wooing,  
Are softly cooing  
The sweetest melody.

We'll soon have cowslips in the vales,  
And blossoms on the trees,  
And flowers blowing in the dales,  
And hum of honey-bees.  
And streamlets gleaming,  
Like silver streaming,  
Glide to the shining sea,—  
And birds low winging,  
And softly singing,  
The sweetest melody.

FOR THEE I SIGH.

To ——

For thee I sigh, dear one estranged,  
And breathe thy name with feeling heart ;  
And mourn the faith we once exchanged,  
When both were glad, nor wished to part  
The tender link of fond emotion  
Which bound two hearts in love's devotion.

How strange it seems, and like a dream,  
That we should now as strangers meet ;  
And the dear past forgotten seem  
With all its hopes and pleasures sweet,  
The joys that were, now give but pain  
When memory wakes the silent strain.

Yet, in my bosom's sacred shrine,  
A lingering hope is ever  
That doubt will fade and brighter shine  
The fair star of love forever :  
And passing days but give sweet rest,  
Two trustful hearts in union blest.

Should this be vain, then let it be ;  
    'Tis well that I should long repent,  
Yet, be thy life o'er summer sea,  
    Though mine be waves of discontent ;  
And storm and wreck and ruin lie,  
Nor sun, nor star, illume my sky.

No ill be thine, thou ever dear  
    And cherished glory of my breast ;  
No sorrow cause the falling tear,  
    Nor anxious vigil break thy rest ;  
Dreams be thine, and they of beauty,  
Calling thee to higher duty.

---



## INDIAN SUMMER.

The sunlight spans the world's face  
With rays of deeper gold, and space  
Is filled with shimmering hazy peace,  
As Indian Summer well defines  
The dreamy pause on earth's confines,  
Where Seasons meet, and Autumn mourns  
Her dead, and roseless crown of thorns,  
As she lies in leafless bower,  
And Winter frosts her dying hour.

## YEARS.

Years, small little sands from the glass of time,  
Dropped in the lap of the wide universe,  
Nurselings of diurnal revolutions  
Spacing the vast of Time's immensity—  
Thy pillared temples dot the bulk of earth,  
And thy monuments track th' vaulted highway  
O'er which ages have gone to eternity,  
Showing succeeding cycles there was a past !

## EXERTION.

## I.

Man is earth, and the moulded clay,  
    Stamped with the image of its God,  
Breathes a being with soul to say,  
    I am immortal at His Word,—  
To live within the bounds of grace,  
    And shine a light that never dies,  
If I but strive, and bravely face  
    The world with hope instead of sighs.

## II.

Sighs avail but little, and tears  
    Are heart-drops wasted, better saved  
For joy, than grief and bitter fears,  
    And longing after that we craved,  
Which were better forever lost,—  
    If conscience finds a flaw, though will  
And option overlook the cost  
    Which may involve us further still.

## III.

Opulence is not for most who live,  
    Nor is the *Silver Spoon* for all,  
Many must from *Horn* sup, and give  
    The world a rougher touch, and call

To aid all energy and all force  
Of action, if they would aspire  
To heights above the beaten course,  
And show mankind a signal fire.

## IV.

Exertion is our birthright, and toil  
And sweat the ban of Adam's race,  
If we have will, we have the soil,  
And work will gain an honored place  
Upon the slope that rounds the hill  
Which holds the ever-sparkling fount,  
That laves the brow of human skill,  
And cools the lips of all who mount.

## V.

There still is hope for those who hope,  
And God helps those who help themselves,  
There's room enough, and ample scope,  
With harvest rich for he who delves.  
The saintly choirs that sing above,  
Have toiled in vineyards long and well,  
Each saint who joys in heaven's love,  
Of earthly trials know full well.

## VI.

No need to wait for time or place,  
To tarry long, is to be late,  
And starting late is longer chase  
Or failure—at the winning rate;

A tardy gait can only teach  
The laggard's none possession,  
The sluggish halt can never reach  
The sweet guerdon of exertion.

## VII.

Look round the world, and see the great,  
Find how they journeyed stage by stage  
To the proud eminence of their state,  
And traced their names on history's page!  
You'll find no sloth, nor shiftless drone,  
But nervous working hands and brains,  
Many a night to sleep unknown,  
While toiling up where science reigns.

## VIII.

'Tis vain to wait for chance or luck,  
Which are but the gist of action  
Well timed, and backed by sturdy pluck,  
Regardless of clique or faction;  
Idle hands will never accrue,  
Nor lagging steps to fortune tend;  
To loiter, when there's work to do,  
But shuffles to a gainless end.

## IX.

In effort lies the secret spring  
That lifts the mind to projects high,  
And shapes the while the precious ring,  
Which circles space where objects lie,

Be they mundane amid the spars,  
In granite tombs the hills among,  
Or in the welkin amid stars  
Remote, as yet unknown or sung.

## X.

No genius born can e'er attain  
The envied height where laurels rest,  
Unless through toil, and sweat, and pain,  
And earnest will to do its best ;  
The ready nerve that breasts the hill,  
And upward looks with steady aim,  
Is sure to reach and carve at will  
Its name upon the arch of fame.

## XI.

If at the foot, do not despond,  
Each traveller on the road you see,  
Has started where you lowly stand,  
Perhaps as crude and poor as thee !  
Mark well the stride of those who pass  
Th' weaker climbing of their neighbor,  
'Tis pith that gains the shortest pass  
With what seems much lighter labor !

## XII.

To fail is mortal, but to try  
Is strength, as trial gives the pulse  
A surer motion, and the eye  
A clearer vision, to repulse

Whatever oppose, and evade  
The rocks and brambles in the way,  
And thirst to gain some floral glade  
To drink where argent waters stray.

## XIII.

Diligence too, will surely show,—  
Although not with genius gifted,—  
That sometimes in the afterglow,  
It has the true problem sifted,  
That perseverance will often shine  
Where genius fails to reach the light,  
Because directness in the line  
Is blurred and lost through aimless sight.

## XIV.

Self-sustaining power is wealth,  
Nor chance can long debar its rise ;  
But be watchful : that sordid stealth  
Does not tarnish the glitt'ring prize,  
No aim in life can well succeed,  
Nor be a gain of lasting worth,  
Unless sustained by moral creed,  
And wish above all lowly earth.

## XV.

The laurel twig is not for all,—  
For some in stubble lands must hoe,  
Nor fortune fair at every call  
To be handmaiden to the slow,

You may not scale the highest peak,  
And yet be seen to act your part,  
The worker, with the presence meek,  
May have the glory in his heart.

## XVI.

The glory that, he has in faith,  
Fulfilled the trust for which he came,  
The knowledge that his vital breath  
Has praised the great Messiah's name,  
Who sent him on his errand wise,  
And cheered him in the hour of dread,  
Shown him the way, when low'ring skies  
Hung darkly o'er the road he tread.

## XVII.

Then with brave heart go do your best,  
Nor pause to hear of praise or blame,  
Success will be your shining crest!  
Content your rosy wreath of fame;  
With honor, as your guiding star,  
And God on high your fervent trust;  
Friendship will guard your burial car,  
And loving tears bedew your dust.

---



## NORA DEAR.

'Tis just the same, Nora dear,  
The hour and place we parted,  
When you dropped the earnest tear,  
And I sat mute full-hearted.  
Rushes verge the streamlet's flow,  
The evening sun is glowing,  
Th' bank is green, and daisies blow  
Where th' parting tears were flowing.

Years, long years have weary past  
With joys deferred and sorrow,  
And many a hope overcast  
Ere dawned the promised morrow ;  
Yet memory fond held thee still,  
A joy for sweet caressing,  
Nor absence could th' faith dispel  
That owned thy love a blessing.

Clouds may fall in coming years  
And make our journey longer,  
But hearts united have no fears  
Misfortune binds them stronger.  
Then speak, oh speak, Nora dear,  
That we no more be parted,  
And we may drop th' mutual tear  
In joyous love full-hearted !

## THE SEXTON.

There's a hamlet without strife,  
Peopled with departed life,  
    A community without sin ;  
There a digger old, still is hoeing,  
And clods of earth forever throwing  
Into the worm-eaten furrows,  
Spading down the joys and sorrows,  
Moulding o'er the bright to-morrows  
    Of the progeny of men,—  
Sodding up on every side  
Purpled monarch, and his bride,  
Humble peasant side by side,—  
With their shame, or fame, or vanity,  
'Tis the sexton, Old Mortality !

## TIME.

Time glides apace in silence dumb,  
    Around the couch of joy or care,  
With roses tints the cheek of some,  
    Of others streaks the glossy hair  
With silvered threads of numbered years :  
    Well spent or ill, it matters not,  
His march is on, nor prayers nor tears  
    In royal house or humble cot  
Can change the purpose of his will ;  
    Meteors drop from ether bounds,  
    Wild winds sweep diurnal rounds,  
Oceans rage and wreck ;—rivers swell,  
    Lightnings rend and crash th' brazen rock,  
Yet Time rolls on, nor feels the shock.

## THIS WORLD.

## I.

Heigh-ho, this world ! how oddly mixed,  
Some rich and gay : some poor and fixed—  
    In sorrow ;  
To-day, some rush for treasure  
Others, run after pleasure  
Both return with empty measure—  
    To-morrow.

## II.

'Tis vain to grieve, though dark to-day,  
'Tis better watch, and trusting, pray  
    Than to mourn ;  
Those purple streaks in the west  
And shifting clouds, silver tressed,  
Tell the Sun will be our guest—  
    In the morn.

## III.

The bluebell, and th' heather mazy,  
The buttercup and the daisy  
    Drink the dew ;

In meadow green and bower,  
They have their sun and shower,  
They have their Autumn mower—  
So will you.

---

## WHEN THE CUCKOO SINGS AGAIN.

One sunny morn by the hawthorn,  
When all the vales were gay  
With vernal plume and daisy bloom,  
One year ago to-day ;  
You softly said, oh, dearest maid :  
“ This hand of mine is ever thine,  
When the Cuckoo sings again.”

The days have passed, some overcast  
By shadows on the way,  
The only light in trouble's night  
Was memory of that day ;  
You softly said, oh, dearest maid :  
“ This hand of mine is ever thine,  
When the Cuckoo sings again.”

The west winds sigh, the lark sings high,  
And bloom is on each spray,  
The sunlight beams on crystal streams  
With summer's glowing ray ;  
As when you said, oh, dearest maid :  
“ This hand of mine is ever thine,  
When the Cuckoo sings again.”

For sorrow past, now joy at last—  
The valleys all are gay,  
As on that morn by the hawthorn,  
One year ago to-day ;  
And I, as fond, do claim the bond :  
This hand of thine as ever mine,  
For the Cuckoo sings again.

---

FAREWELL! DEAR LAND, MY NATIVE  
ISLE.

Farewell! dear land, my native isle,  
I may not weep this parting hour,  
My grief's too deep for falling tears,  
And all sighs are vain in power  
To soothe the ache of living pain  
That fills my life at leaving thee;  
Whate'er my lot, my love will turn  
To thee, oh land, my native lea,  
Old Erin, acushla machree!

To genial shore of happy land,  
I am going to journey far,  
Where freemen guard the rights of man,  
And beams Columbia's vivid star;  
A soldier's scarf may be my shroud,  
On field of slain my grave may be:—  
Whate'er befall, my love will turn  
To thee, oh land, my native lea,  
Old Erin, acushla machree!

They say in that far sunny clime,  
There's recompense for honest toil,  
And friendship has a willing hand,  
Nor asks what creed, or native soil;



Let fortune frown, or brightly smile,  
    Whate'er of fate in store for me,  
This faithful heart will ever turn  
    To thee, oh land, my native lea,  
    Old Erin, acushla machree !

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## MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy came ; and being was parted  
From the tender bonds where love imparted  
Mutual smiles, and words and mutual faith,  
And stellar rays, and bright and rosy wreath ;  
Leaving but a moody credence of joy  
That was :—but now a void, or passive toy.  
Ah ! phantom of the cloudy locks dishevelled—  
Boding shade of the blear and lonely eyes—  
Cumbering space with gall and mawkish sighs  
That love not the past, where love once revelled  
Among clustering vines 'neath sunny skies,—  
Thou sittest on the heart a brooding starkness,  
Mooting problems in the page of darkness,  
Chilling the vital flow as breath of polar seas !

## THE WINTRY WINDS AT SEA.

Hark to the winds in the sky, o'ercast,  
Cradled amid clouds of polar air,  
Muffled in snow and drapery meet  
Of frostbitten mist, and clammy sleet,  
With frigid breath and icied hair,  
Shouting aloud in the midnight dark,  
On the surging waste of ocean vast,  
Curling the billows in wild display,  
Rattling the shrouds on the bending mast,  
Scattering aloft the hissing spray,  
On drifting wreck, and shivering bark  
With a woful wail and driving blast.  
God help the mariner now at sea,  
And the homeless stranger on the lea !

## SOFT WEATHER.

Glum, at my window-pane I sit  
Watching wayfarers, as they flit  
Up and down.

Here I sit, and idly mope,  
Hugging close a waning hope,  
That the rain will sometime stop  
Pouring down.

Oh ! I'm weary, very weary,  
Of this weather, wet and dreary,  
Hanging on !

Rain, sloppy rain, day and night,  
For a fortnight near, or quite,  
We have plodded without light  
Of the sun !

Should you travel along the street,  
Everybody you chance to meet,  
Has the pouts !

For it is splash—splash—in mud,  
And again a dirty flood  
Finds the crevice, that ain't good,  
In your boots !

There are dismal looks everywhere,  
There are fretful voices here and there  
    To bother !  
If there's temper in mankind,  
Be they deaf, or dumb, or blind,  
It you're very sure to find  
    Such weather !

In that warehouse across the way,  
(Which is placarded by the way  
    " Selling out ! ")  
Stands the merchant, with his nose  
'Gainst the pane, in pale repose,  
On the gutter as it flows,  
    Looking out !

Now his lips are busy moving,  
And I know that they are saying  
    " Awful times ! "  
While he reckons loss and gain,  
With a nervous twitch and strain,  
On the links within his chain  
    As if dimes !

Now he is pacing to and fro,  
And sets his finger with a blow  
    On his nose !  
As he reads with eyes askew,  
A queer-looking billet-doux ;—  
There's a note to-morrow due,  
    I'd suppose.

Oh ! he's tired, very tired,  
Of this weather, all bemired,  
Hanging out !  
For there's " nary " thing doing ;  
Everybody seems ruing,  
Whither up or down going—  
In or out !

Lo ! here comes sweet Arabella,  
Beneath a blue silk umbrella  
Dripping wet !  
I cannot behold her face,  
Still, I know her by her pace  
And that dainty frill of lace,  
And her feet !

Ah, the Ladies ! bless their weakness,—  
With much modesty and meekness  
Take such pains !  
With hoops and other fixings  
Round th' middle of their stockings,  
At puddles and at crossings,  
When it rains !

Ah me ! that shy and winning grace,  
And that dear flush upon their face,  
Like a light !  
When the men—wicked sinners !—  
With eye of wary gunners,  
Ofttimes neglect their dinners,  
Taking sight !

Yes, that's Tony Flint, the broker,  
With a shabby-looking choker  
    'Neath his chin!  
He's on a raid of dunning,  
I reckon by his running,  
And the quick and greedy thumbing  
    Of his skin.

See how he splashes thro' the slush,  
And now with a sniff gives a brush  
    To his ear.  
As if listening for some sound—  
Some growl, from th' bulls and bears' pound,  
And squints awry, and looks round  
    With a leer.

There! he's upset a street sweeper,  
Ah! th' brute is going to leave her  
    In the mud!  
Now she's up!—at him going,  
With her tangled hair flowing,  
And her little face glowing  
    With vexed blood!

Ha! she's dashed a muddy plaster,  
On his second-handed castor,  
    With a vim!  
As he round the corner "scoots,"  
And into a doorway shoots,  
Looking at his spattered boots,  
    Very grim!

Lookout! there comes with rakish pace  
A lusty guardian of the peace,

Looking sleek.

Look sharp! poor little sweeper—

Poor little shoeless creeper—

Or the “bars” will be your keeper

For a week.

For that burly-looking raider

Is a very sly backslider,

In riot.

But he'll grab such mites as you,

And weak men and women too,

And drunken chaps, not a few,

If quiet.

Oh, the tax! those loafing paupers

Impose on their working neighbors,

Every year.

While they, instead of watching,

Are in some alley napping,

Or at some back-door sipping

Rum or beer.

There are exceptions, we all know,

And there are laws for thus and so

On docket.

And we've magistrates of law

And justice (bless th' mark), who jaw

If the fine they cannot claw

In pocket.



Oh, those primer-learned law-men—  
Those magisterial draymen  
    Of crime tolls!  
Those party plunder hucksters—  
Those cute wire-pulling trucksters—  
Those sneaking filibusters  
    At the polls!

Stop! I wander from the object,  
Slush, mud and rain was the subject  
    Of my pen.  
And people in a muddle,  
Trudging thro' mire and puddle,  
With elbow kinds of struggle  
    Now and then!

How thin and pale that woman looks!  
'Tis not from balls, nor reading books,  
    I am sure.

She's a seamstress weak and slight,  
Who labors hard day and night  
A precarious, stingy mite  
    To procure.

She must ever stitch, stitch, away,  
Far into night, and every day  
    Rain or shine;  
Though her bloom is overcast,  
And her life is fading fast  
'Neath the unrelenting blast  
    Of decline.

Poor girl, thy days on earth are few,  
Life has no hope, nor joy for you  
    In keeping;  
Not a drop of soothing oil—  
Nothing but struggle and toil—  
Nothing but trouble and broil,  
    And weeping.

Young in years, yet old in sorrow,  
No gleam to-day of brighter morrow  
    In thy life;  
Drop by drop, fast ebbs thy tide!  
Breath by breath, thy moments glide!  
Death is standing by thy side  
    With relief!

Ah, that is right! good, worthy man!  
Give her all the support you can  
    Thro' the mire!  
Help her up those clumsy steps,—  
See her garment how it drips,—  
See the efforts of her lips  
    To respire!

Long hours of toil, and of weeping,  
Little resting, little sleeping,  
    Pale the cheek!  
Scanty purse, scanty clothing,  
Scanty lodging, and boarding,  
Little gain, nothing hoarding  
    Kills the weak!

Now that is stylish, what a pair  
Of dashing, splashing steeds, with hair  
    So bonny !

Yes, it is the Banker's team,  
That man of many a scheme  
Of stocks, and many a dream  
    Of money !

How snug he sits, all clear of rain,  
Just squinting thro' his carriage pane,  
    On the street !

There he sits, that golden-bug,—  
That gay butterfly—that slug  
Of slime, with a brussels rug  
    'Neath his feet !

I wonder if he sleeps in peace,  
I marvel if the golden fleece  
    'Neath his head,  
Is softer than the beggar's cot—  
If happier in his lot—  
Mourned as long,—as soon forgot  
    When he's dead !

Faith, the mourning part is doubtful,  
And the memory part less truthful,  
    You can bet,  
Unless some 'cute man of law,  
In his will can pick a flaw,  
That will cause the heirs-at-law  
    To regret !

Yes, sure enough, I had forgot,  
His name will live whether or not,  
When he's dead!

On a marble ornament—  
A stone of much adornment—  
A finely carved monument  
At his head!

After all, it matters little,  
Not even a thirsty spittle  
From your breath,  
What the world will say and do,  
Let her blaze, and flare, and stew,  
It is all the same to you  
After death.

Oh! I'm weary, very weary,  
Of this weather wet and dreary,  
Hanging on!  
For there's nothing in the news,  
And I'm quaking in my shoes,  
With a fit of queerest "blues,"  
Looking on!

Now the clouds begin to lower,  
For there comes another shower  
From the east,  
So, I'll bundle up and wrap  
In that rocking-chair, and nap  
Until the supper bell's tap  
Breaks my rest.

## SERENADE.

Wake, love! the night winds are praising  
The young moon, so lovely and bright;  
And stars with fond eyes are gazing  
On the beautiful face of night!

Listen, love! the nightingale sings,  
And the rose droops with pearly dew;  
The zephyr sweet odor brings  
From flowers of many a hue!

List, love, list! in this hour of love,  
To his voice that is ever true,—  
True as yonder stars are above—  
My love is eternal for you!

Then, dear one, give but some token,  
Or a tone of thy voice, to cheer  
My throbbing heart, that has spoken  
The love it has cherished so dear!

## WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS?

Where are my friends?  
Here, all here!  
Come with the swallows—  
Summer is here;  
On my hearth-stone sits—laughing sits—  
Plentiful cheer!  
And mine eyes grow bright, all happy and bright,  
With a joyful tear!  
There's flowing wine;  
Many friends are mine—  
True friends are mine;  
Summer is here—glad summer is here!

Where are my friends?  
Gone—all gone!  
Gone with the swallows—  
Summer is gone!  
On my hearth-stone sits—weeping sits—  
Poverty drear!  
And mine eyes grow dim, all troubled and dim,  
With a joyless tear!  
No flowing wine,  
No friends are mine—  
False friends were mine!  
Winter is here—sad winter is here!

I KNEW HER WELL WHEN BUT  
A CHILD.

I knew her well when but a child,  
With laughing eye, a heaven blue,  
And ruby lip that ever smiled,  
And rippling hair of sunny hue.

'Tis past ; for now she strives to check  
The big, bright, trembling tear  
From rolling down her troubled cheek,  
While inquisitive eyes are near.

When o'er her brow, with anguish fraught,  
There steals that melancholy mood,  
Which holds her long in silent thought,  
As if enchanted where she stood.

Yet through her tears her eye is bright,  
And has a magic in its glance ;  
For in its depth there dwells a light,  
Fixed as yonder blue expanse.

That light is love ; and he, for whom  
She has lived and loved for years,  
Is wedded now ; ah, fatal doom !  
Must her true heart expire in tears ?

## SALLIE WILL NOT REASON.

Now from afield the Sorrel Colt  
Comes dashing along the lane,  
While old gray Bess, with racking jolt,  
Strides after him in vain ;  
And shakes her head as if to say :  
“That young and fractious chit  
Will lack his speed some sorry day,  
When chewing upon a bit.”

The farmer's boy stands at the gate  
And marks the Sorrel's coming  
And says unto himself, “that gait  
Would save me half the running ;  
If all the laggard flocks I herd  
Would follow his example,  
Then I might drink the whey and curd  
Of comfort free and ample.”

While sitting with sweet Sallie Dean,  
The daisy I am courting,  
Who says, ‘Indeed it's awful mean  
You're always late reporting.’ .  
But how can I, with tardy flocks,  
Get round in better season?  
Yes, that's the curd that always chokes,  
For Sallie will not reason.



## THE SAILOR'S TOMB.

There's war on sea, to guard the free  
From foreign desolation ;  
And shield secure the maiden pure  
From alien desecration.  
On the dark wave  
Reels the dread fight,  
O'er the dark wave  
Gleams the red light,—  
As flash  
And crash  
The broadsides hurl through the swirl  
Of foaming flood ;  
And timbers groan, and dying moan  
In flowing blood.  
Ocean sobs from verge to verge,  
And chants a requiem dirge,  
While echoes answer on the shore  
The mournful music o'er and o'er.  
A sailor brave,  
Beneath the wave,  
In depth of pensive gloom  
Has found a coral tomb,

## TO FLORENCE.

Mark my brow, how pale I languish,  
Look in mine eyes, and read the anguish  
Too deep for words !

When the heart on love is leaning,  
Silence speaks a truer meaning  
Than sounding words.

Words are tame, nor can they explain  
One half the bidding woe and pain  
I ever feel.

Yet, the language of your dear eyes  
Tells my sad heart ; you cannot prize  
The love I feel.

No blame is thine, yet I regret  
The fateful day when first I met  
Thy winning spell.

Mountain maid of the nut-brown hair,  
Mountain maid of the queenly air,—  
Farewell, farewell !

## THE LOCKET.

This locket rare,  
And image fair,  
With dusky hair,  
Is but an old and broken link  
I've treasured long with careful hand.  
And of the chain I oftentimes think,  
As memory sifts forgotten sand.  
It was a chain of mystic strands  
Of beauteous mould and witching bands  
Fashioned by Cupid's wilful hands,  
When eve aglow,  
Was blushing low,  
On water's flow,  
Long time ago,  
And she the loved! ah, where is she?  
If dwelling on her native lea,  
Or roaming far beyond the sea,  
I wonder if her life is blest;  
If e'er she thinks, or dreams of me,—  
Her first her virgin love and best.

## MARY.

You remember, when first we met,—  
The rose you gave in vernal bloom,  
Alas ! now droops ; and I regret  
Its fading leaves foretell its doom !

And as I mark its pale decay,  
A sadness steals upon my heart,  
To think and see all forms of clay  
Resemble it in whole or part.

No more in its native bower,  
The lover's eye will fondly rest,  
To mark, at eve's declining hour,  
The bright dew sparkling on its breast ;

Nor pause in meek admiration,  
To trace in its simple nature  
High heaven's sublime creation,  
Christ's hand in its every feature.

Nor will its perfume scent the breeze,  
To kiss and fan the dreamer's cheek ;  
Nor soothe the troubled soul to ease,  
When sorrow shrouds and hope is weak.

Ah, me ! 'tis sad to contemplate,  
That whate'er we fondly cherish,  
All, all must meet the common fate—  
All things born of earth must perish !

---

## KITTIE WAINE.

Her brow, excels in beauty  
The lily's spotless hue,  
And her eye of rarest brightness  
The morning sky of blue.  
Oh, who may tell,  
Of the spell  
In the glance of Kittie Waine?  
Always pretty,  
Often witty,  
Ever-pleasing Kittie Waine!

Her voice, the sweetest music  
Of streamlet's summer glees,  
Or the song of harps at distance,  
Soft borne upon the breeze.  
Oh, who may tell,  
Of the spell  
In the voice of Kittie Waine?  
Always pretty,  
Often witty,  
Ever-pleasing Kittie Waine!

## FAREWELL.

## TO A FRIEND.

Time's up, the last bell  
Peals out  
The sad parting knell  
Of doubt.

Give me thy hand—for well I know  
Through sun or shade, through weal or woe,  
Through breathless calm or heavy blow,  
On land, or ocean billows flow,—  
Thy manhood kind will ever show  
A friendship true where'er you go.  
Fast friend of my youth  
Do well!  
Old friend of great truth  
Farewell!

## IN THE OFFING.

As a clouded dream, on my heart  
Falls a shadow cold and drear,  
When I see true friends depart  
With a sigh and swelling tear,  
A shadow from the offing.  
Ever sad,  
Never glad,  
Fearful, prayerful offing !

That loveless phantom chill and drear,  
Is of death, with pulseless hand  
Pointing to a shrouded bier,  
With his fatal striking wand,  
Pointing still in the offing.  
Ever sad,  
Never glad,  
Fearful, prayerful offing !

Ah then, I mourn for other years,  
When my heart was gay and free,  
Yet I smile, oft through my tears  
On the faces which I see,



Faces white in the offing.  
    Ever sad,  
    Never glad,  
Fearful, prayerful offing !

Faces dearly loved in boyhood,  
    Now sleeping 'neath the willow,  
Hard by a murmuring flood  
    That wanders by their pillow,  
Sleeping long in the offing.  
    Ever sad,  
    Never glad,  
Fearful, prayerful offing !

Yet, it is when sorrow deepest  
    Wraps my soul in rayless gloom,  
I feel that hope the sweetest  
    Which arises from the tomb,  
Still arises in the offing.  
    Ever sad,  
    Never glad,  
Fearful, prayerful offing !

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## ANNIE.

I have been some time past straying  
Through the great in former times ;  
I have seen the queen-like seeming  
Of the maids in other climes,—  
But a fairer girl, believe me,  
Mine eyes have never seen,  
In those lands of ancient splendor,  
That boast of beauty's queen,  
Than thee, my lovely Annie,  
My modest blue-eyed one ;  
There are few among th' many  
Fair as thee beneath the sun !

TOSSED BY THE GALE ON FORTUNE'S  
FLOW.

Tossed by the gale on fortune's flow  
Of joys that bud, yet never blow,  
But yield a rugged thorn ;  
Of blasted hopes, how many know  
And weep and greatly mourn.  
But we oft plant forbidden seed,  
And nurture germs beyond our need,  
Which yield full much ; and then we see  
But fruit which grow by the Dead sea ;  
Youth's burning zeal oft lines with care  
The smoothest brow, and whites the hair —  
One passion dusks the brightest heir  
To glories high in heaven ;  
One error marks us here below—  
One error makes a life of woe—  
To be of God forgiven.

## ELLA.

I saw a violet  
    Pillowed on a stream ;  
I saw a wavelet  
    Clasped by a sunbeam ;  
I thought of thee, and said,  
    Flower pillowed on the stream,  
    Wavelet clasp'd by a sunbeam,  
Ye are emblems of the maid !

A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

One morn a flower bloomed,  
At evening it faded,  
Here lie the withered leaves ;  
The essence rose to God !

## THE JILTED LOVER.

Well ! by the right, 'tis passing odd,  
How women act when they are sure  
That man forgets to love his God,  
Endeavoring theirs to procure,  
Forever and ever.

'Tis but a summer's day since last  
Yon moon beheld a girl recline  
Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
As if her heart were wholly mine,  
Forever and ever.

And now she lists, with anxious ear,  
Unto the love another speaks ;  
Nor heaves a sigh, nor drops a tear,  
For him whose faithful heart she breaks,  
Forever and ever.

Ye high suspended stars, that hold  
A brilliant and unchanging course,  
And thou, most constant moon, behold  
The wreck of love's unmerited curse,  
Forever and ever.

## TO ———.

Farewell ! ah, me ! yet sad the voice  
That speaks within my blighted heart ;  
But let it be—'tis done—thy choice  
Is made. We dwell for aye apart !

I murmur not at Fate's decree,  
That we shall never meet again ;  
Far, far between will bound the sea,  
And mountain vast and desert plain !

There was a time, to dream of this,  
My soul would faint upon each thought ;  
But now it seems a kind of bliss,  
With pain and pleasure strangely fraught.

I will not mar thy dream of rest  
With sighs or words of perished love ;  
Let Time, arrayed in sorrow's vest,  
And ruder tongues than mine reprove.

## WHAT IS LIFE?

When in thy dream in wintry years to come,  
    A vision forlorn shall arise  
With faded brow, and lips all pale and dumb,  
    And dim, and sad, and tearful eyes ;  
It is the *shade* of youth departed,  
Wandering back all broken-hearted,  
    From the grave of buried joys,  
    Through the vale of hapless sighs ;  
To the Eden, where spring imparted  
Darling hues to blossoming life,—  
Love's golden promise, void of strife,  
    Rhythm soft to songs of gladness,  
    Tuned with hope and void of sadness,  
Ah, mortal pilgrim, that is Life.



## HOW IT HAPPENED.

Jessie leaned upon the gate,  
A neighbor's son stood by her ;  
Jessie said, "'Tis getting late,  
The moon is rising higher."

"Yes!" the neighbor's son replied,  
And edged still closer to her,  
Then took her hand and sighed :  
"I'd like to be your wooer."

Jessie said : "Ain't you ashamed ?  
See how the moon is gazing,  
And now a cloud has framed  
Her in a dusky hazing."

"Yes!" the neighbor's son exclaimed,  
While in his arms he pressed her ;  
"The moon can't see while she's framed,"  
And then he hugged and kissed her.

## SPRING.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Young buds are springing  
From mould in the vale ;  
Streamlets are singing  
Thro' meadow and dale ;  
And the proud forests nod  
Their leaf-plumed heads to the flowering beds  
On their mother sod.  
Friend of my heart, why sad ?  
'Tis Winter no more,  
Cold Winter is o'er—  
Friend of my heart, be glad !

Soft winds are flying  
On balm-laden wing ;  
Glad birds are singing  
Their lyric of spring ;  
And white cloudlets lie  
Cradled at rest in the blue bending west,  
In the mellow sky.  
Friend of my heart, why sad ?  
Cold Winter is fled,  
Old Winter is dead—  
Friend of my heart, be glad !

CROSSING THE FORD.

Yes, here the stream is clearest,  
Lean on my bosom, dearest ;  
Now step firmly fairest,  
On that shelving rock, nearest  
The glad wave.

Nay, tremble not for me, love,  
For by that sweet cooing dove  
On yon leafy tree above,  
Making Nature's tender love  
To its mate,—

I will brave the torrent cold,  
With all cautious step, yet bold,  
While I tenderly infold  
Thy most chaste and precious mold,  
To my heart.

## FRIENDSHIP.

It matters not what time or place,  
Within the world's wide rounding space,  
    Its birth,—  
True friendship lives thro' changing years  
Of hope, of joy, or falling tears,  
    And dearth.  
Though friends have gone to other lands,  
Or sleep beneath the numbered sands  
    Of earth ;  
As faith survives the mystic wave  
That brinks beyond the silent grave  
    Of death,—  
So friendship lives thro' change and doom,  
And shows even beyond the tomb,—  
    Its worth.

## BLUE-EYED MARY.

'Twas in Spring-time ! joyous Spring-time !

I first met sweet blue-eyed Mary !

Blithe was she, the lovely Mary !

On her cheek a rosy dimple,

In her hand a floweret fair,

With the fragrant winds of twilight

Rippling free the chesnut hair

Of the winning blue-eyed Mary !

'Twas in Summer ! hopeful Summer !

I first wooed sweet blue-eyed Mary !

Shy was she, the modest Mary !

On her cheek a bashful crimson,

Her little hand caressed in mine,

Falling low her chestnut ringlets,—

Heard my heart a faltering “Thine !”

From the lips of blue-eyed Mary !

'Twas in Autumn ! happy Autumn !

I first wed sweet blue-eyed Mary !

Dear was she, my loving Mary !

On her lip a smiling whisper,

On her cheek a summer glory,

In her eye a beam of love-light,—

Told my heart a happy story

Of my own,—my blue-eyed Mary !

'Twas in Winter ! joyless Winter !  
I first wept my blue-eyed Mary !  
Pale was she, my dying Mary !  
From her lip the smile departed,  
From her cheek the summer glory,  
In her eyes the fading love-light  
Told my heart a mournful story  
Of my sainted blue-eyed Mary !

Now, I wander, weary wander,  
All the seasons, sad and dreary,  
Calling on my silent Mary !  
Longing still for death to hasten,  
And the ties of earth dissever,  
So I quit this house of mourning  
And rejoice in bliss forever,  
With my own,—my blue-eyed Mary !

---

## A RHYME.

ADDRESSED TO A DANDY WHILE HE WAS  
DRESSING FOR A PARTY.

Ahem ! if I remember right,  
You said that "Hop" comes off to-night  
At Madam Pug's, that dame so trite  
With notions high—yea, not a mite  
Beneath the range of Franklin's Kite,  
That bottled the electric light  
Which gave to science such insight,  
As startled knowledge with affright !  
Her niece is fair, so quidnuncs cite,  
And some do say (perhaps through spite)  
That you behold her with delight !  
And when the dancers take respite,  
You shuffle her clean out of sight,  
In some dark nook where comes no light,  
And hug her, faith, with all your might !  
You go ? "well, yes." Ah, that is right !  
Come, rig thyself, and take thy flight,  
In Shanghai coat, and pants as tight  
As ever "spad," in vainest plight,  
Encased his "pins" on festive night !  
And for the lack of woman's right—

A dainty bag of lily white  
To dust thy brow—just take and smite  
It well with flour-bag, or indite  
Thy will, or thine own shadow fight ;  
Or think on headless ghosts, to fright  
Thy tawny cheek, and make it white  
As goblin lank at pale midnight,  
Gallanting round a graveyard site,  
Locked arm-in-arm with fairer sprite !  
For, now-a-days, 'tis impolite,  
And most vulgar, for any wight  
To look robust, or speak or write  
Of good, substantial food, or bite  
Hog meat or sheep, for fear they might  
Give his person a shade not quite  
What passes current with the élite—  
Which would, perhaps, incur a slight,  
Yes, faith ; and veto, too, outright  
To their assemblies an invite  
To shake a foot with lady bright,  
And feast a squeamish appetite !

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## TO A BELLE.

Stay thy steps, ah, giddy maiden !  
Thou vain slave of modern taste !  
Thou of folly heavy laden !  
Thou of brow with jewels pressed !  
Thou of mind an empty waste !

In thy path foam ruin's waters,  
In torrents madly sweeping,  
Broken-hearted sons and daughters,  
To darkness never sleeping ; —  
To night of endless weeping !

Pause ! for death is with thee ever !  
He may claim thee even now ;  
And his pulseless hand forever  
Hush thy lip's exulting vow—  
Fix thy proudly arching brow !

Lo ! thy sisters, rich in wisdom,  
Journey on, with humble tread,  
Through this transient, earthly kingdom,  
To the vale of silence dread,  
To the temple of the dead !

Follow thou their footsteps meekly,  
Follow thou their precepts wise,  
Follow thou with patience humbly,  
Follow thou in sinless guise,  
To our Father in Paradise.

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## AVOCA.

### I.

Once more the Danes in wrath and fast  
 Crowd on the land in numbers vast,  
     To do or die ; and, dying, leave  
 A record dark of crime and blood,  
 To mark the spot where they withstood  
     The battle's shock and found a grave.

### II.

A June-day sun, with golden spar,  
 Had spanned the eastern sky afar,  
     And pierced the veil of mist, which lay  
 O'er Glenamada's verdant hills,  
 When Malachi the Second thrills—  
     “Celts to victory or death this day !”

### III.

Fast down the slopes the clans advance,  
 With courage fixed in every glance,  
     And, charging on the marshalled foes,  
 Crush down the dense of foremost ranks,  
 And press the might of solid flanks,  
     With force and fierce and deadly close.

## IV.

Now backward reels the baffled Dane,  
Onward press the scions of Spain,  
    God's vengeance strikes in every blow ;  
For justice wields the sword of right,  
And justice fills the soul with might,  
    To lay in death the ruthless foe.

## V.

'Twas in Avoca's laurel shades,  
All day till dusk the battle blades  
    Of Malachi's proud chivalry,  
Forced the Vandals from every hold,  
Vanquished the Danes by thousands told,—  
    Crowning the day with victory.

## VI.

That day was long in battle loud,  
While waved in light our banner proud,  
    Its azure field and harp of gold  
And purple, flowed the meeting wave,  
And many a Dane found a grave  
    Beneath old Wicklow's storied mould.

## VII.

Proud day for Erin and her creed,  
Her valleys and her altars freed  
    From the pirate Norse invader.

Three hundred years through war and strife,  
 She battled for her Christian life,  
 Nor could th' heathen serfs degrade her.

VIII.

Once more her fallen altars rise,  
 Spires gleam and point to higher skies,  
 And glory incense fills the aisles ;  
 And chancel lights with steady ray,  
 Shine through the night and longest day,  
 And anthems tone surrounding miles.

IX.

As happy years of peace succeed,  
 And joy is in the land thus freed  
 From alien foes and devastation,  
 New homesteads rise where ruins lay,  
 Along the vale and on the brae,  
 And earnest songs of consolation.

X.

The lands are tilled and flocks are seen  
 Along the hills and valleys green,  
 And waves a wealth of blooming corn.  
 The soldier rests from warring fray,  
 The harper trills some winsome lay  
 Beneath his own dear cottage thorn.

## XI.

Again her fields are rich with toil,  
As harvest sickles glean the soil,  
    And jest and laugh and frolic gay  
Go merrily around and round,  
While lads and lassies on the ground  
    Are just footing a jig in play.

## XII.

And veterans old in years and strife,  
Look kindly on the younger life,  
    And smile with hope that many years  
Will see these youngsters reap the earth  
Their fathers saved through blood and dearth  
    And full many a widow's tears.

## XIII.

And lips well-tuned to ballads old,  
Those ballads gay and sad and bold  
    That relate old Erin's story,  
Ofttimes did fill and thrill the vales  
With songs of love and joyous tales  
    Of valiant deeds crowned with glory.

## XIV.

In those glad days succeeding strife,  
Those cherished days in Erin's life,  
    Erst o'er the wave the Briton came,

Thick-lipp'd and big with lechery—  
 A mongrel beast of treachery—  
 Claiming th' land through a Pontiff's name.

XV.

Oh, curse extreme, and reaching far,  
 With perjured trust and prison bar,  
 And gibbet grim with many a corse!  
 Who but a Celt could still withstand  
 The burning pressure of thy brand,  
 Nor yield one moment but through force?

XVI.

Oh, sing, ye bards! sing loud and long,  
 And let the harpstrings throb with song,  
 Sing a requiem for those who fall;  
 Sing in sorrow for those who grieve,  
 Sing in triumph for those who live,  
 To march again at country's call!

---

## SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song, a low, sad song, love,  
And let thy accents tremble,  
And the tone of thy voice resemble  
The all mournful cadence, love,  
Of the winds at twilight grieving,  
Of the winds lornfully wailing,  
In a cypress forest, love!

Sing me a song, a low, sad song, love;  
Of youth who low reposes,  
'Neath a mound of faded roses,  
In the arms of the past, love;  
For my heart is lonely beating,  
For my heart is sadly thinking  
Of boyhood passed away, love!

Sing me a song, a low, sad song, love;  
Of those who fondly loved us,  
Of the friends who walked beside us,  
Looking joy, hand in hand, love,  
In life's budding, blushing bower,  
In life's sunny morning hour,  
That will dawn nevermore, love!



## THE SOLDIER SLAIN IN BATTLE.

From field afar,  
I hear the war  
And tocsin knell of death.  
A soldier slain,  
On battle plain,  
Lies bleeding on the fallow.  
A hero sleeps,  
And glory weeps,  
The early fall of valor.  
With head low bowed  
On his pale shroud  
A woman mourns her darling;  
And friendship's sighs  
And kindred's cries  
Lament the son of bravery.  
Still the rattle  
Of the battle  
Goes loud and fiercely on;  
And cannon dash  
Their burning flash  
Through densing upper air;  
And madly hurl  
Through the curl  
Of sulphurous powder smoke,

From plain afar,  
The iron bar  
Of bleeding war and death.  
And other braves  
Will rest in graves,  
The pride of living freemen ;  
And flowers grow,  
And sweetly blow,  
Above their honored dust.

---

THY HOME SHOULD BE, LOVE.

Where the sun shines daily from on high,  
O'er valleys fair and ever green,  
And lakelets reflect the azure sky,  
Brave emerald branches between ;  
And nature's fountains gushing clear,  
Leap the mountain's furrowed brow,  
While bounds the swift, the noble, deer,  
And gay birds chant on every bough,—  
Thy home should be, love,  
Were I but free, love,  
To give it thee, love.

Where loved philomels nightly sing  
Sweet songs to their own lovely isle,  
And the soft zephyr's lambent wing  
Wafts soothing fragrance all the while,  
And Luna sheds her kindest light,  
While dew-drops kiss many a rose,  
And the stars wink in fond delight  
At Peace and Plenty's kind repose,—  
Thy home should be, love,  
Were I but free, love,  
To give it thee, love.

## WHO MAY TELL?

This peopled earth, the transient haven  
    On the restless sea of life ;  
    Anchored fast, in calm or strife,  
Of its bearings all may wisely tell.  
But when the anchor's slipped or riven,  
And the last bell's warning given,  
    And we sail in mystery  
    On the future's hidden sea,  
    From whose tide we cannot flee ;  
Where its shore, or its port, who may tell ?

## THAT NIGHT.

High on the aerial bridge of coming dawn  
That spanned the gloom—the rayless depth of  
    night,  
One sentinel star kept watch, and its light  
Shone on the battle-field, and ghastly drawn  
    Visage of many a valiant soldier slain  
On famed Manassas' grim and gory plain.  
Forbid, oh Fate! that there should ever be  
Again, such test of might on land or sea,  
To crimson the white brow of Liberty.

## SADDEST.

The saddest cause in all the laws  
That gloom this world's sphere,  
Is when the knell of parting bell  
Pains the living ear ;  
And numbered sands and folded hands  
Rest on passing bier,  
And each sad friend in sorrow blend  
The mutual tear ;  
And there remains, and will retains  
In retrospection clear,  
A sense of care, a vacant chair,  
And a household drear.  
A memory deep that may not sleep  
But is always near ;  
To feelings call the living all  
Of what was most dear ;  
Nor smiles to greet on lips once sweet  
To gladden us here,  
But dreamless woe, where'er we go,  
Through life to bear.

## LOVE.

Love ! handmaiden of Omnipotence,  
Glorious in the light eternal  
That shines in vales aglow with bloom ;  
Celestial, where happy are the just  
Entwining garlands, immortal,  
All fragrant with the rose of peace,  
To crown each hope thy balm has saved.  
Love ! white-browed donor of those gifts,  
Which drop sweet dew on arid space,  
And fruit the barren waste in life ;  
And lily crown, the raptured soul  
That wings to Eden's scented vales,  
And deck with buds and evergreen,  
The hallowed mound where rest the loved.

## MOTION.

In the mind,—the busy loom prolific,—  
Thought the mighty shuttle flies, and the web  
Of plastic utterance in flowing speech,  
Shows up the texture rare, or fabric mean  
And profitless, while motion gives the stamp  
Of action peculiar to the force produced,  
By the sensitive power of being.  
When will, or motive give the incentive  
To undertake and accomplish objects  
To the purpose? and Man of mechanism,—  
The master-piece in great Jehovah's vast  
Creation, stand forth perpetual motion?  
Nor can inventive genius e'er attain  
To imitate the great Maker's handy-work.



## CHARITY.

Oh, good Christians, what a pity,  
In this gay and wealthy city  
    Of great trust,  
That so many creatures grieve,  
That so many people slave,  
Thro' existence to the grave  
    For a crust.

Look around, good Christian people,  
Look some lower than the steeple,  
    On your church.  
You have brothers in distress ;  
You have sisters needing dress ;  
Crumbs from your board you'll not miss  
    Very much.

Misfortune makes the worthy sad,  
A little makes the humble glad  
    And rejoice.  
A mite from your over-much,  
Just a farthing from your pouch,  
Just a feather from your couch  
    Will suffice.

Just a shred from your raiment grand,  
Or trinket from your jewelled hand

Wisely cast,

Will light some old garret wall,  
Will warm some cold cellar hall,  
Will keep some poor beggar's stall  
From the frost.

There are widows poor and homeless,  
There are orphans bare and shoeless

Begging bread.

Plodding on thro' weary life,  
Groaning on in hopeless grief,  
With grim poverty at strife  
Until dead.

There is mourning on the highways,  
There is weeping in the byways

Close at home.

There are men and women dying,  
There are hungry children crying,  
There are starving people lying  
At the tomb.

O brother man, enjoying wealth,  
O sister woman, rich in health,

And in love,—

Give some little to the poor,  
Crouching lowly at your door ;  
'Twill be something laid in store  
High above.

There is a Court in yonder skies,  
There is in it a Judge all-wise,

And most just.

There is a day fast coming,  
Of trial and of summing,  
Of your long and short-coming  
In the dust.

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## FANNIE.

Of all the smiles on beauty's lip,  
I love the best of any,  
That smile of thine, my charming girl,  
My gentle, loving Fannie.  
Its dimples tell a story well  
Of treasures rich and many,  
Down in thy heart, my charming girl,  
My gentle, loving Fannie.

How blest am I with love of thine,  
And bright the joys, and many,  
That glad my life, my charming girl,  
My gentle, loving Fannie.  
In loving thee I only see  
The dearest hope of any,  
To keep thy love, my charming girl,  
My gentle, loving Fannie.

TO MANY.

“ You say the past holds many flowers,  
Which blossomed sweet 'neath sunny rays,  
High on life's hill in other days ;  
When joy was young and hope's fair star  
Made bright the dim and lonely ways  
Of life and all its fears.”

The past lies in the distant gloaming,  
'Neath pale wreaths of withered flowers,  
In the vale of departed hours ;  
The present has its buds and blossoms,  
Sunny skies and summer bowers,  
Its joys and passing cares.

'Tis vain to wish for joys that have been ;  
All vain to mourn for pleasures fled  
Where silence marks the quiet dead ;  
Better far to hope what may be,  
And cherish cheering smiles, instead  
Of sighs and gloomy tears.

The cloud that dims life's cerulean sky,  
And glooms the vista of to-day

With lowering shadow cold and gray,  
May fall in dew at eventide,  
And blossom flowers, bright and gay,  
To garland coming years.

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## LANTY'S LAMENT.

Dead rushes strew my cabin floor,  
The hearth is cold and bare ;  
The grass grows wild before the door,  
And vacant stands my Nora's chair.  
The spinning-wheel is idle now,  
The hank, half spun, lies still,  
And gone the voice and bonny brow  
That cheered my every ill.

When trouble crossed our humble way,  
Her voice had sweeter song,  
And on her lips a smile would say,—  
“The shadow won't be long ;  
Be brave and patient, dear ; for, sure,  
There are sunny ways ahead ;  
You know God loves the worthy poor,  
And sends them daily bread.”

The lonesome days go slowly by,  
With patience sorely tried ;  
When others laugh I can but sigh,  
Since my poor Nora died.  
I mourn the love we plighted well,  
When all the world seemed bright,  
And hope, with fair and winning spell,  
Veiled sorrow from our sight.

The day has lost its brighter hue,  
The night has restless dreams ;  
The stars that light the heavens blue  
Are not so bright, it seems,  
As when we wandered, hand in hand,  
Two hearts in love as one,  
And tender words life's journey planned  
That we should travel on.

Ah, pleasant dream ! how soon to fade,  
And leave my heart in pain ;  
Ah, life, how sad, and full of shade,  
And longings all in vain !  
O Nora, dear, from thy blest home,  
Look down upon me here,  
And be my star where'er I roam,  
To light my path and cheer.

I'm told of land beyond the deep,  
Where sunny skies and blue,  
Bend o'er the vales where freemen reap,  
And labor has its due ;  
And strangers find in that fair land  
New strength to live and do,  
Whatever fortune sends to hand,  
With loyal faith and true.

'Tis hard to leave our kindred dear,  
The loved ones and hearthstone,  
The grave we weep and tend with care,  
To wander far unknown.



'Tis grief to leave our native soil,  
Though poor the cot and fare,  
But there's no hope for honest toil,  
No want supplied but care.

Yet time and place may give the heart  
Some little share of joy,  
Though tears may fall and be a part  
Of that we most enjoy.  
And if that land of sunny skies  
Gives me of hope some measure,  
My heart will turn where Nora lies,  
My buried love and treasure.

---

## FAMINE.

Now gray-eyed night,  
In mournful plight,  
Walks in grief her dusky aisle ;  
While meteors flash,  
And burning dash,  
Across the vail of heaven.  
There is woe on earth,  
There is fearful dearth,  
Of fruitful harvest gleaning ;  
There are shrouded biers,  
There are falling tears,  
And white hands raised in prayer,—  
On a fated land  
Doth grimly stand  
The horrid ghost of Famine.

A TRUANT CHILD IS HUMAN LIFE.

A truant child is human life,  
Disporting on the hills, and glad ;  
Caressing joy with tender care,  
All smiles to-day, to-morrow sad—  
O'er something death endears.

'Tis vain to grieve for jewels gone—  
To the vale, where the willow droops ;  
'Tis wiser far, to kiss the Cross,  
And see the brightly shining hopes  
Beyond where death appears.

If weight of woe cause tears to fall,  
Pressed from th' heart by living sorrow ;  
Kneel at the Cross, and humbly pray,—  
Faith will dull the keenest arrow  
Aimed in life's affairs.

Whate'er thy lot in life may be,  
Look on the Cross, and trusting say :  
The darkest night has sure a spot  
Where glints the dawn of coming day,  
To glad the heart of tears.

## THE TWO BRIDES.

'Twas eve, a quiet eve, and clear, far in  
The red man's summer. In the far southwest  
Some drowsy cloudlets, like weary children,  
Lolled on the skirts of parting light. The sun  
Low on the western rim, a parting look  
Threw back ; and 'neath the love-light of his gaze,  
Old Terra's hills immense, her pausing seas,  
And listening forests blushed !

That hour, within  
God's house, two brides before the altar stood :  
One as the lily fair, and drooping ; her blue  
Eyes veiled 'neath their sunny fringe, she breathed  
her  
Vows, and from her trembling lips did music  
Flow—music like that oft heard in silent  
Vale when April weeps, and her warm tears swell  
The sweet melody of timid streamlets—  
While on her tender cheek a crimson flush  
Would gleam or wane, and the rose—the sweet moss  
Rose—soft pillowed on the white swell of her  
Bosom fond, would tremble, just as the tide  
Of feeling did flow or ebb. The young fawn's  
Heart was full of love !

The aged pastor  
Smiled. His hand then laying softly on her  
Golden hair, and raising his saintly brow  
To heaven, he spake: "'Tis well, my child, 'tis  
well!"

The other stood as stands the sculptured stone  
A presence cold, with calm and lofty brow  
Upraised, and *will* was in her midnight eye  
And on her red lip's curl, nor fell upon  
Her faultless cheek the soft silken shadow  
Of the dusky eyelash for a moment's space  
Save once, and only once, and then her look  
Bent on the jacinth sparkling on her hand,—  
Then wandering with a yearning far off gaze  
Her eyes seemed fixed on vacancy as if  
Something in the silent past were living,  
And the present had no part within her  
Being. She gave response; but her voice had  
A strange cadence, all foreign to the soul,  
And her words coldly uttered, on listening  
Ear expired, in th' heart no echo waking!  
Nor o'er the whiteness of her brow did shade  
Or shadow flit, nor in her bosom's zone  
Seemed feeling's pulse to live!

The aged pastor  
Sighed, then bending low his furrowed brow, his  
Scanty locks of autumn hair long streaming  
Mildly shook, and by their dumb language spake,

“’Tis strange, ’tis very strange!” While in his deep  
And thoughtful eyes, a questioning look seemed  
Asking of the future, what will coming  
Years bring to this marriage bond? If peaceful  
Journey in a flowery path, or woful  
Wandering in field of thorns?

’Tis mercy

To suppose some strange secret lay beyond  
That self-possession. Maybe necessity  
Was master of that small and shapely hand,  
And bid the poor heart be quiet, nor throb  
For life’s sweet gilead love. Maybe ’twas pride  
Of heart deep wounded by love neglectful,  
Or soul-born treasure of love rejected,  
Ah, bitter, bitter cup indeed if such.  
Haply in the silence of death were sealed  
The only lips whose syllables could move  
And blend in unison with the language  
Of her soul,—stilled in th’ shadow of the grave  
The only heart whose throb could thrill th’ essence  
Of her being!

Ah, do not lightly say

’Twas vanity of heart and thirst for wealth,  
And all that shining pomp which bands itself  
With power, that crushed the better feeling  
And hushed the voice of conscience, and bartered  
Honor’s faith for a golden skeleton.

## KATE.

Yes, Kate ! you did once believe me,  
Once my full heart's devotion knew,  
Once my voice was music to thee,  
And my glad smile a presence true.

Ah, Kate ! there's little change in thee—  
Thy shining hair is still the same ;  
Thy tender eye as bright and free,  
Thy voice as sweet to praise or blame.

Alas ! the dream of faith's departed,  
And the mild bliss of present hours  
Is but a *Shade*, broken-hearted,  
Crowned with wreaths of faded flowers.

On the past, lengthening shadows fall,  
And dusk, each bright and joyous scene,  
Leaving the heart but to recall  
The sad, sad words : " It might have been."

Long, lonely years may weary pass,  
Ere my soul-spirit wanders free ;  
Yet the dearest lights in memory's glass,  
Will be those hours enjoyed with thee.

## TRIFLES.

Little drops of rain,  
Steady falling,  
Make a torrent sweeping ;  
Little seeds of grain,  
Steady growing,  
Make a harvest's reaping ;  
Little words that pain,  
Roughly spoken,  
Make a grief for weeping ;  
Little smiles that gain,  
Sweetly given,  
Make a joy for keeping.



## DEAREST.

To ———

When evening dropped her pearl shower,  
And twilight, dim, followed soon,  
And, brighter gleamed leaf and flower,  
In the lovelight of the moon,  
I dreamed of thee, the sweetest dream  
That fancy paints in beauty ;  
Of image in the passing stream,  
Of life's broad flow of duty.  
Oh, life! how bright! nor shade of gloom  
Wert thou, but with me ever,  
A ray of hope, a flower's bloom,  
A joy to me forever.

## THINK OF ME.

TO ANGIE.

Think of me in thy waking hour,  
When th' day-star fades, and morning's ray  
Lights the streamlet, herb and flower,  
And in the noontide flush of day !

Think of me when the pale eve-light  
Silvers the dewdrop, leaf and tree,  
And when the shades of pensive night  
Rest on the hillside, vale and lea !

Think of me when serene repose  
Enfolds thy form in fond embrace,  
And dreams are thine, and they disclose  
Visions of hope, and love, and peace !

Think of me when faith is with thee,  
And pleasure with her glowing wand  
Tints thy fair cheek with rosy glee,  
And joy is thine on either hand !

Think of me, should thy will or chance,  
Lead thee in thine own land to stray,  
Or journey long o'er seas, perchance  
To stranger climes far, far away !

Think of me, whatsoe'er thy lot,  
Wheresoever thy dwelling be ;  
In tinselled hall, in humble cot,  
Or pillowed on the lonely sea !

Oh, think of me in every hour,  
When thy heartfelt thoughts are given  
In prayer to Him, the living Power,  
Our " Father, Who art in Heaven ! "

---

## SONG OF THE WARRIOR BARD.

Whatever fate befalls thee  
Away, thy country calls thee !  
And when her foes oppose thee,  
    Strike ! strike for liberty !  
When cannons boom the loudest,  
And the smoke of battle shroudest  
    The flag of liberty—  
Let thy bosom be her shield,  
Thy battle-cry never yield,  
While tyrants stand the field  
    Opposing liberty !

When the dreadful strife is done,  
And the merry booming gun  
Tells a battle nobly won  
    For dearest liberty—  
Should generous Fate reserve  
Thy heart's vital spark and nerve  
    To feast of liberty—  
Mothers will fondly bless thee,  
And happy children kiss thee,  
And maidens fair caress thee,—  
    The brave of liberty !

Or should thy voice, still aiding,  
While thy form prostrate bleeding,  
And thy last bold look pleading

    The cause of liberty—

Thy deeds will live in story,  
Thy name in fadeless glory,

    Still linked with liberty !

Whatever fate befalls thee—

Away, thy country calls thee !

And when her foes oppose thee,

    Strike ! strike for liberty !

---

## ETHEL.

I will ever bless the day, love,  
The story I was told,  
Of a cheek, the rose itself, love,  
And hair the shining gold.

And brown eyes of fondest light, love,  
And lips, the crimson fold  
Of the rose-leaf, wet with dew, love,  
And form of fairest mold.

And voice, the dearest music, love,  
That e'er made life a joy,  
With song of cheering measure, love,  
To sweeten life's alloy.

And I'm pining for that day, love,  
The wedding day, sweet girl,  
In my inmost heart within, love,  
To shrine thee as its pearl.

## LAY OF THE WINDS.

'Tis a starless night, a night in autumn,  
In October ;  
I'm all alone with my fate,  
But that's nothing here of late,  
Since I'm sober.

Alone, save a frisky little atom  
Sporting around my fire grate,—  
A brown cricket on the hob,  
That keeps a lively hob-nob,  
With its friendly little mate ;  
And the rain ;  
How it patters and spatters ;  
How it dashes and splashes,  
Through the squeaking old shutter,  
With a sloppy kind of mutter,  
And a sodden kind of sputter,  
On the pane.

Hark ! the winds are out ! how they shout !  
What a rattle in the battle  
Of the elements !  
How they pout and they flout  
At impediments !

And slam the shutters in and out  
    With a blast.  
Now I'll draw my seat nigher,  
And I'll pile the fuel higher,  
On my lonesome hearth fire,  
And listen to the winds, my old familiar friends,  
    In the past.

## I.

What a dreary night !  
We have journeyed far, without moon or star,  
    Since we left daylight,  
    In a sorry plight  
In his dusky car, in the west afar,  
How dun-visaged night from her cloudy height  
    With her tawny hand,  
    Waves her sombre wand  
    O'er the nether land,  
And torrents of rain floodeth land and main.  
Let us rest awhile, ere we further toil  
    Through this murky air ;  
    It may disappear  
    While we linger here  
And our wings expand over brighter land.  
Lo ! here is a light, and some sorry wight  
Inditing his will, or poor fellow's bill.  
    Let's tap on his pane,  
    And sing him a strain,  
    Then wing it again !



## II.

In a forest lorn,  
All shrivelled and shorn,  
Where the trees stood stark in their naked bark—  
Yes, stood in the dark in their naked bark—  
All ragged and torn.  
We saw as we passed in a cavern vast,  
On a mossy bed,  
Poor old autumn dead,—  
With some fallen leaves and some withered sheaves  
Supporting her head.  
'Neath her mildew'd crown  
Were her tresses brown,  
In braids falling down,  
In negligent fold o'er her bosom cold,  
Like a mourning veil from her brow so pale.  
In her hands repose one lone autumn rose  
Lay slowly fading  
In the pervading  
Density of gloom of that lonely tomb,—  
Oblivion waiting.  
While a lornful wren, every now and then,  
Chirped a requiem from an ivy stem ;  
And the frugal stream  
Of the fitful gleam  
From a glow-worm's spark lit the sullen dark  
With a friendly beam.

## III.

We paused on the moor,  
Where a peasant poor  
Sat watching her child as it died, and smiled,  
And swept with our wings the Æolian strings  
At the cottage door.  
Ah! 'twas sad to hear that pale mother dear  
Sob, sadly aloud,  
With her head low bowed,  
As close to her breast her dead babe she pressed,  
In its pallid shroud.  
And sad to behold the father enfold,  
With an anguish wild, pale mother and child  
In silent embrace;  
While a mournful grace  
Marked his changing face,  
And the fitful start in the strong man's heart,  
And the quivering lip  
Told of sorrow deep,  
And the drooping head that he inward bled,  
Though he did not weep.  
'Twas their only child; 'twas their undefiled  
Little carrier dove, with its branch of love,  
That softened the gloom of their humble home.  
A cherub's whisper quenched the little taper;  
Ere earth had palled it the angels called it  
To the promised height,  
Where shines the rosy light  
For aye, without night.

## IV.

As along we sped o'er a mountain's head,  
We tarried awhile with a robber vile,  
    And shriek'd through a hole :  
    " Give back what you stole  
    And redeem thy soul ! "

When he, with a bang, woke up all his gang ;  
    Then quoth he, " A ghost  
    I'll swear, by a host,  
    Is behind this post,  
At that rather small round hole in the wall.  
    And I'll bet a mark,  
    Or tusk of a shark,  
'Tis that pious lark, old Benjamin Ark,  
    The minister's clark,  
We stripped in the park, last night, in the dark.  
He died, I am told, of a bootless cold  
    He caught in the park,  
    Last night in the dark,  
But there is some doubts, that loss of his boots  
    Killed Benjamin Ark.  
For, faith, it is said by men of his trade  
'Twas loss of his gold, instead of the cold  
    That shortened the breath  
    And hasten'd the death  
    Of his chunk of earth !  
So now while I think, my lads, let us drink  
    A jolly old toast  
    To Benjamin's ghost,—

Just standing outside in his skeleton hide  
Right beyond that post.

May he need no boots nor longtailed coats  
In the land of Nod ;

May he lie as snug as bug in a rug,  
Or peas in a pod,  
Underneath the sod.

Now up with the 'Tod,' my rollicking squad  
And clever ;

In bumpers flowing and brightly glowing  
In the ember's light,  
We pledge, to-night,  
Old Benny's sprite,  
Forever."

## v.

We next at a door, where a miser hoar  
Was counting his store of potent ore,  
Rapped, just lightly, then more sprightly.

'Twas bolted and barred ;  
Then we knocked right hard,  
And shook till it jarred ;  
Then puffed and prattled,  
Lisped and tattled,  
Through chinks that rattled ;

Then chuckled outright, when he, in affright,  
Extinguished his mite of flickering light,  
And hustled his gold in a wallet old  
With his nervous hand—his lean hungry hand,

And it to his heart—  
His poor dwarfish heart—  
Hugged close with a start,  
While his gimlet eyes, his blear famished eyes,  
Cast a greedy glare 'round his dwelling bare,  
Through the startled dust,  
All dense with the must  
Of fulsome rust.  
'Twas a scanty "crib," not even the nib  
Of a stunted grouse,  
Nor a bobtailed mouse,  
Could live on the crumbs that fell from his thumbs  
In that stingy house.  
His head, like a mop,  
Was bald on the top,  
And his puckered skin was gritty and thin;  
His nose it was "pug," and his filthy "mug"  
Stood in need of soap.  
His shirt was a rag from some shred man's bag;  
His coat a fable,  
Or kind of label,  
Denoting some muck, or some worthless truck  
Not very stable.  
As stealthy he went,  
With his neck down bent,  
And his bones aslant, and his eyes askant,  
Still eyeing the ground like a slouchy hound,  
Just trailing a scent,  
All around the space of his murky place;  
Still hugging his pelf,

Like a sordid elf,  
Mutt'ring to himself:  
"There are thieves, I fear, prowling very near!"  
Now we gave a score,  
And maybe still more,  
Of loud sounding thwacks, and sharp ringing cracks  
On the bolted door,  
And shouted, "Miser, old hungry miser,  
What use will there be, when crossing the sea  
To the doubtful strand  
Of the other land,  
In your shining gold? It will not uphold  
To your clutching hand,  
E'en a feather's weight in your drowning state—  
In your sinking fate.  
Thou poor worthless tool; thou lean earthy fool;  
Thou heartless miser, gold idolizer,—  
Repent ere yet too late,  
And mercy bars the gate!"

## VI.

Then along we passed  
To a castle vast,  
And swung in high state on its massive gate,  
And flashed out our wing at its mighty King,  
And whistled a blast;  
When big, in a pout, all flabby and stout,  
From his cozy bed,  
With a night-cap red,

On his grizzly head,  
The porter popped out, and leered all about.  
Then forth came the whole ('twas a mighty roll  
Of flesh, his body, well flushed with toddy)

In a rolling gait,  
With protruding pate  
Still eyeing the gate:  
“Well, well!” muttered he,  
“I vow I can’t see,  
For the life of me,

A person about, either in or out,  
Or near to the grate in that noisy gate.

It may be some sprite  
On a lark to-night,  
Not exactly right.

If robbers,” quoth he; “or rebels ye be,  
I would, as a friend, advise ye extend,

With a lively pace,  
Considerable space  
’Tween ye and this place!”

This much gravely said,  
We whisked from his head  
His night-cap red,

And hung it up high on a tree hard by;  
On the topmost branch of a walnut stanch.

Then tweaked his nose,  
His ponderous nose,  
Full, red as a rose;

And close to his ear gave a rebel cheer  
And shuffled a jig on his grizzly wig.

He was a droll sight,  
And laughable quite,  
That lusty old wight,—  
As blinking he stood, in a puzzled mood,  
His mouth rude in shape, wide open agape,—  
One hand on his paunch,  
His eye on the branch  
Of the walnut stanch,  
Where his night-cap hung, flopped around and clung,  
Bobbing round and round thirty feet from the  
ground.

## VII.

On, still on we sped, many leagues ahead,  
Over hill and plain,  
Through the pelting rain ;  
When, weary of flight, we rested in sight  
Of an ancient fane.  
'Twas a queer old heap ;  
'Twas oblong in shape,  
All rugged and brown, and looked like a frown  
On the hill it crowned, or a spacious mound  
Where the shrouded sleep  
In that pulseless rest of all mortal dust.  
As nearer we drew,  
Some mystery new  
Attracted our view,  
And, pausing, we gazed, with wonder amazed,  
When we reached the base of that ancient place,



For there, all around,  
In silence profound,  
Lay many a mound  
Covering the dead in their earthy bed,  
Some marked with head-stones,  
And others cross-bones ;  
A few had tomb-stones ;  
But, faith, the many were minus any,  
With scarcely enough  
Of the mother stuff  
To cover their bones 'neath the cobble stones  
All jagged and rough.  
One epitaph read : "*Here lies low the head  
Of one Jerry Brown, a short-sighted clown,  
Who made a mistake—  
Take heed, for his sake,  
All you in his wake !*"  
By a grave rough made 'neath a hemlock's shade,  
Half withered and dull,  
On a barren knoll,  
A raven loud croaked, wriggled, winked and croaked  
On a human skull.  
Like an evil thing, with its outstretched wing,  
Scattering the dust o'er the coffined bust  
In its silent rest.  
'Neath the spaded crust  
Of its mother dust,  
This grave had a stone  
Full smooth as a hone,  
And black as the raven, on which was graven

In large rough letters, odd-looking letters,

Deep cut in the stone :—

*“ Here, prone ’neath the sod,*

*Lies a loathsome clod,*

*Fame, fame was its creed. It failed to succeed,*

*When it cursed its God,*

*And smothered its soul in fumes of charcoal ! ”*

And two had these words

On their pine head-boards.

(They were white-pine boards),

Low set in the ground of that barren mound,—

*“ They gambled for fame, but they lost the game.”*

And one all alone, with weeds overgrown,

Had a square of tin

(’Twas coffee-pot tin)

At its lowly head, upon which we read,—

*“ A break down—caved in ! ”*

And some had in verse

Just this couplet terse

*“ Essayed to go it, but could not come it,”*

While Time, all perverse,

With his wing erased that on many traced.

To us this seemed strange, for in all the wide range

Of our roamings far, beneath sun or star,

We never had had

On tomb of the dead

Such epitaphs read,

Just here we observed what luckily served

To solve the mystery,

Shrouding the history

Of the dead that lay in the flimsy clay,  
Round this cemetery.

## VIII.

Right over the door,—the lop-sided door  
Of the ancient fane—  
Were these words full plain,  
On a bull's-eye pane,  
Dingy and simple,—“*This is Fame's Temple.*”  
Ah this, then, thought we, “must certainly be  
That much-vaunted-goal,  
That glorious goal,  
Full many a soul  
With ambition rife struggles for through life,  
By the midnight lamp,  
In palace and camp,  
Cot, and dungeon damp,  
Forgetting its God, in its longings mad  
To inhale a breath all pregnant with death.  
Then close we advanced, and cautiously glanced  
In the door full scant, hung open aslant,  
Denoting much use,  
Or, maybe, abuse;  
For one hinge was loose.  
Not a soul was there  
Save the courted dame, the donor of fame,  
Thrown back with an air  
In her easy chair,  
Calmly reposing and soundly snoring.

Thought we, "Now's the time to see the sublime."

So right in we slid, like a patent lid,

Without fuss or sound,

In that house profound,

And, hovering round,

Set us to noting some things worth quoting

Concerning the dead, the illustrious dead.

And, foremost of all,

On the grim and tall,

Brown, cobwebbed wall,

Hung great battle blades of several grades,

And quaint invention,

With this inscription,

Plain written with gore, (it was human gore):—

*"All for Ambition !"*

And, scattered all o'er

The worm-eaten floor

Was many a score

Of scrolls stupendous, with thoughts compendious,

Traced by sages hoar in the confined yore ;

And many volumes, with lengthy columns

Of prose, rhyme, and verse, some profuse, some terse,

On sweet joys deterred,

And bright hopes deferred,

In the years interred ;

And many fine charts, in whole and in parts,

Some dusty and worn, some crumpled and torn,

Of land and of sea,

And planets that be

In earth's canopy ;

With statues and globes, philosopher's tub's,  
Scales of bound'ries,  
Maps of countries,  
Paintings and leather, huddled together,  
Labled, "*Some Sundries.*"  
Here our attention  
Was drawn with tension  
To the word invention

On a nutmeg box, containing two clocks—  
Two patented clocks, with skeleton works.—  
'Twas labeled "*Bogus,*" which rather got us,  
And set us thinking, roguishly thinking ;—  
'Twas a Yankee game :  
Bamboozled the dame  
For a sprig of fame.

Our vision was next on a case transfixed  
Where a skeleton brown,  
All polished and brown,  
By the heels hung down,  
A kind of askance, from a doctor's lance.  
We looked over-head,  
And there we read  
(Three times over read),  
In an oblong space o'er the dovetailed case  
Where the skeleton brown, hung dangling down,  
A gaunt seceder,  
From flesh and leader,  
The word "*Physician,*" o'er this inscription  
"*Patent life mender.*"  
We next on a shelf

(’Twas a side-board shelf),  
’Mong crockery and delf,  
And a piled up mass of china and glass,  
And crooked platoons of odd silver spoons—  
Beheld, instanter,  
A huge decanter ;  
It was a “whopper,” full to the stopper  
Of what we can’t tell, but had a strong smell  
Of “red-eye water,”  
And strange for belief  
On that very shelf,  
’Mong crockery and delf,  
Next the decanter, was Tam O’Shanter,  
With hair all shaggy, on his tailless Maggie ;  
While right along side the paunch we descried  
Of Jack Falstaff,  
Ensconced in calf,  
With his “’alf and ’alf”  
In brimming glasses with the Windsor lasses.  
There too, quite civil,  
Sober and civil,  
Lay Thomas Hood’s “Shirt,” no, sir, but his sheet.  
That same one hauled in by Small-Pica Flynn,  
The printer’s devil.  
And, stranger still, sir ; more strange, indeed, sir,—  
Hung on a gimlet,  
A rusty gimlet,  
“Was the Dane Hamlet,”  
Never a hamlet, but a queer tablet  
Of quaint description

With this inscription  
Rough written with ink, 'twas indelible ink,  
“*My own Library, to keep me merry,  
And help digestion.*”  
“Faith, it seems,” thought we,  
“That all must agree,  
For 'tis plain to see  
That the ancient dame, the donor of fame  
Takes kindly to laughing and jovial quaffing.”

## IX.

While thus observing,  
And deeply musing,  
On thoughts amusing,  
Of ambitious lore, on this earthly shore,  
And mortal weakness assuming greatness—  
With its pygmy breath, ever until death  
With spade and shovel erects a hovel  
On this muddy arc,  
In some corner dark,  
In some potter's park,  
We noiselessly came  
Where the drowsy dame,  
The donor of fame,  
With vast inflation, and dull sensation  
Breathed a loud repose through her spacious nose.  
She was a gay lass, in negligent dress,  
As, sleeping, she sat  
In her ruddy fat ;

With her sleeves rolled up, and her skirt tucked up,  
Her feet on a mat :

Her cheeks hanging down all flabby and brown ;

The top of her nose—

Her bottle-shaped nose—

A tinge of the rose

When touched with the rot, had truthfully caught—

Her eye-brows were white, her mouth, what a sight !

'Twas a great take in,

The hair on her head was a burning red,

And pimpled the skin

On her chubby chin.

Here the dame made a move, we did not approve ;

Her arm, rather loose,

With a gusty souse

She slapped on our wing, which caused us to swing

Round and round the house,

And tumble and twist

And swell to a gust

And scoop up the dust

And toss it aloft on an old cock-loft

Where th' Wandering Jew, bunked with Roderick

Dhu.

And any amount, more than you could count,

Of rusty parchments, and legal statements,

Packed and piled up high,

All yellow and dry

As an infidel's eye.

We now with a dash,

And a ringing crash,



Which told of a smash,  
Pitched the nutmeg box, with its tickless clocks  
In an Iron pot—'twas Adam's old pot.  
That same one which cooked (when he fell rebuked)  
His pristine porridge—  
After beardless sin, with a boyish grin,  
Brought mortal knowledge  
From the Devil's College,  
Then casting a glance at the dame askance,  
We edged for the door  
We entered before,  
And paused on the sill, quite silent and still,  
A minute or more,  
When bolt up she sat in her quivering fat,  
And curried her eye  
(She had but one eye),  
With her clumsy fist with amazing gist,  
And gave a loud sigh ;  
" Pooh ! pooh !" sputtered she ;  
" It appears to me  
There really must be  
A tremendous dust ; the lungs in my chest  
Seem to fume and seethe ; I can scarcely breathe ;  
I wonder what noise, what racket that was ?  
I reckon 'tis but some dolt with a strut,  
Or lank-faced hobble,  
With toil bent double,  
Come for a bauble ;  
If so, let him wait my will for his fate.  
Halloo ! take a seat

Outside of the door, where many before,  
Both early and late,  
Have waited their fate.”  
Then she snapped her eye, her solitary eye,—  
And an angry light  
From its lonely sight  
Lit the temple’s night,—  
And arranged her cap for another nap.

## X.

Our pathway led next, two hillocks betwixt,  
Through a village small  
Of pious people, where one white steeple  
Stood lonely and tall  
The glory of all,  
A pillar of light in the gloom of night.  
And further along, maybe a furlong,  
Outside of the ville, so silent and still,  
A house stood alone,  
In shape like a cone,  
And builded of stone.  
We paused at the door  
A minute or more,  
And, listening, heard not a single word,  
But something like that to the purr of a cat,  
Or maybe a snore.  
Quote we: “Let us see if entrance there be,  
At front or behind,—  
Which way we don’t mind—

Within we may find  
Something worth telling, in this odd dwelling.”  
Then, looking around,  
We very soon found,  
Eight feet from the ground,  
A window quite small, deep-set in the wall,  
Where a broken pane to keep out the rain  
Was stuffed with stocking—  
A long-legged stocking—  
A blue one at that, now, wasn't that flat,  
And very shocking,  
In this generation of civilization? —  
The hose we shoved thro' and in followed too,  
And lit in the centre  
Of a narrow bed, fastidiously spread,  
As a drawing blister,  
On an old tester ;  
The first thing we found,  
On looking around,  
In silence profound,  
With scrutiny keen, as well might have been,  
Was an old gray cat, that a-purring sat  
On a dainty mat, of most curious plat,  
By a high-backed chair, which was stuffed with hair ;  
With just here and there  
A flaw and a tear,  
To tell of its wear,  
And the scabby tarnish of peeling varnish  
Made an ugly sight in the candle light.—  
In this high-back'd chair,

Slept a maiden spare ;  
She might have been fair,  
But that had long past, and Time with his frost  
Had marked every hair, as the things that were.  
Round her eyes and nose, in gloomy repose,  
Were lines like to those people call "crow's toes ;"  
And her lips, tucked in  
'Tween her nose and chin,  
Were sallow and thin ;  
Her long arms hung down, close to her starched gown ;  
Making it plain to see,  
She ne'er had fondled, nor proudly dandled  
A babe on her knee  
With a mother's glee.  
For mothers will rest  
With their dear arms pressed—  
All lovingly pressed—  
On their bosoms fond, in a dreamy bond,  
Though the loved lie cold 'neath the silent mould !  
Ah ! 'tis sweet to gaze on the joy that plays  
In a mother's smile, when sweet dreams beguile,  
And the lost ones, dear, seem still dwelling here.  
The next thing our ken  
Beheld, was a green  
Parrot on a swing, her head 'neath her wing,  
Bobbing to and fro, neither fast nor slow,  
But the two between.  
Then on a table, which stood by the gable  
We noticed some meat—  
A chunk of fat pork—one knife, and one fork,

One cup, and one plate,  
Two pickles, one beet,  
Doughnuts a dozen.—  
There might have been two ; and a caddy blue  
Lettered “ Young Hyson,”  
Stood by its cousin—  
A speckled tea-pot, much the color of soot.  
Here the maid so listless, became quite restless,  
Woke, or partly so,  
Twisted to and fro,  
And scratched her elbow ;  
Rubbed her chin and squeezed her nostrils and  
sneezed.  
Then wriggled anon, winced awry and spun  
Around in her chair ; then her faded hair  
She clutched, and clung  
And frizzled and wrung  
And twisted and flung.  
Then her lips grew white,  
And more deathly tight,  
With motion askew, then a faintish blue,  
Then red as a beet,  
Then lisped and mumbled, puckered and fumbled,  
As if some vision—  
Some dreadful vision—  
Of the nightmare kind encompassed her mind,  
And came in collision  
With the pivot where swung her voluble tongue.  
Then in a hurry, pregnant with flurry,  
Right up on her feet

Straightway she started, and round the room darted

Like an angry sprite,

Full "two-forty" fleet,

When we to her side

In pity did glide,

And lustily cried:—

"Hallo! hallo! Miss! what on earth's amiss!"

When wide open flew her eyes rather blue,

With a startled stare and a wrathful glare;

Then sunk in her chair,

With a weary air,

Of trouble and care,

Her long fingers pressed on her panting breast.

Here the old gray cat sprung clear off the mat,

Her eyes flashing fire,

Her teeth gritting ire,

Her back in a curve, distended each nerve,

Taut and tough as wire,

Her thin ears tucked back,

Each hair as a tack,

Erect on her back;

Her sides deep panting, her tail wide flaunting,

Loud in her throttle the growl of battle;

While the parrot sang in a nasal twang

With her mimic tongue:

"Miss Dorothy's young,

Miss Dorothy's young,

Bad! liar! liar! murder! murder! fire!"

Now the maid grew calm;

And, rubbing her nose—her long pointed nose—

With her fleshless palm,  
And taking a "nip," or rather a sip  
Of "Young Hyson" balm,  
Thus narrated she: "Me! ah, me! ah, me!  
It is quite too bad,  
What a dream I've had,  
And I'm downright glad,  
The vision has fled; my poor, aching head.  
Methought a monster, a horrid monster,  
Of the masculine brood, by my side there stood;

With arms extending,  
And body bending,  
Towards me tending.  
His face was quite bare  
Save his lip, and there  
Was a tuft of hair,

Like a rabbit's tail, all smeared, like the trail  
Of a filthy snail, with the froth of ale.  
My fingers he grasped, then my waist he clasped,  
And, smiling, he said 'My beautiful maid;

Let us taste the bliss—  
The ambrosial bliss—  
Of affection's kiss.'

His head then bending, straightway intending  
To sully the tips of my virgin lips;

While his eyes ablaze,  
With a burning haze,  
Did upon me gaze.

'Wretch, wretch, man!' I cried. 'Avaunt, quit my  
side!

I detest you all,—  
Fat, lean, great, and small ;  
Medium, short, and tall ;  
Old, young, dark and, light ! away, leave my sight !'  
Then, struggling, I broke from the loathsome yoke  
Of his fond embrace,  
And running apace,  
Till somebody spoke, when wide I awoke.  
Thus ended the case."

## XI.

On, still on we passed, with a lusty blast,  
Now sweeping the plain,  
Now skimming the main,  
There twisting the waves—the wild heaving waves—  
In a foamy chain.  
And tossing the bark—  
The shivering bark—  
On the billows dark ;  
And dashing the spray from her pathless way,  
In great briny clouds on her wailing shrouds.  
As onward we passed, we paused at the mast,  
On board of a ship, on a mission trip  
To the far-off strand of some savage land—  
Wrapt in heathen night,  
Without Christian rite,  
Without Christian light,—  
To cheer the weary of being dreary.  
And we softly told a mariner old,



Whose thin locks were gray as the ocean's spray,  
That his dear wife died  
Since he left her side,  
And the old man cried.  
And we glad news told a young seaman bold,  
Of his fair young bride and his eye looked pride.  
And he breathed a prayer,  
That heaven would care  
For his Mary dear,  
And her darling joy, her young baby boy.  
And we scooped a grave  
In a mountain wave  
For a sailor brave,  
Who fell from the mast as we shoreward past,  
And the sad news bore to his home on shore.  
Where, silent mourning,  
With lamp low burning,  
A widowed mother and dying brother,  
Long watched and waited for the ill-fated  
Sailor's returning.

## XII.

Once again on land our broad wings expand,  
Shaking shrivelled trees,  
Heaping faded leaves,  
On the tombless graves  
Of the humble dead, as along we sped.  
Then weary of toil we tarried awhile  
At a cot, which stood by a tiny flood,

That rippled along,  
With a mellow song,  
Hills and dales among.  
From the granite dome of its mountain home  
To the mighty sea,  
Limped, wild, and free,  
In sweet monotony ;  
A lovely poem in Creation's tome ;—  
'Twas a cosy cot,  
And had pitched its lot  
On as fair a spot  
As there well might be, 'neath an old oak tree.  
And a clinging vine round its door did twine  
And it looked right sad, for its leaves all had  
Fallen in the tomb of the summer's bloom ;  
And some rose leaves lay  
In a deep decay  
On the threshold gray.  
While observing this, a noise like a hiss,  
We heard in the cot. Thought we, "What's that?  
There's something amiss  
In the cot, we guess.  
Let's see what's the muss !"  
The door stood open, which gave sure token,  
That some wily chap, who dreaded the clap  
Of a door shut tight,  
Had been sparking late,  
Some gentle inmate,  
When the old folks deem  
That she's snug in bed, with her dear young head

Filled up with some dream—  
Some innocent dream—  
Of virgin or saint, just the time it ain't.  
So right in we stepped and noiselessly crept  
To a chamber door,  
Half open, or more ;  
When again that sound—that same hiss-like sound—  
Which we heard before,  
Came plump with a bound, all lusty and round,  
Through the half-closed door.  
'Twas only a snore,  
After all ; no more ;  
When straight in we peeped, and there snugly heaped  
Lay old man and wife,  
A-sleeping for life ;  
And dreaming no doubt, of bright days gone out,  
When youth, on his fife,  
Played love in their hearts, and sped Cupid's darts,  
For now they stuttered, and hugged, and sputtered  
Such flabby nonsense  
As beardless lovers—some call them “lubbers”—  
Are likely to mince  
In the first instance.  
While noting their bliss, a loud fizzing kiss  
The old man just placed,  
In blundering haste,  
And very bad taste,  
On the full-grown nose of his drowsy spouse.  
And this was the noise—that same hiss-like noise—  
We took for a muss,

There was naught amiss,  
And red-cheeked bliss  
Seemed there to abide, upon either side.  
As we turned to go, there came, soft and low,  
A sound like a sigh,  
From a room hard by,  
When right short we stopped, and in the room popped,  
Where we did espy  
In a snow-white bed the lovely young head  
Of a lass asleep. With a gentle sweep  
We lifted the hair—  
The glossy brown hair—  
From her forehead fair,  
And lingered awhile—just a little while,—  
Observing the smile—  
The bewitching smile—  
That hovered the while  
On the red, red tips of her pouting lips.  
“Yes, and you kissed her, I’ll lay a wager.”  
What, *we?* *we*, kiss her!  
Oh, you vile sinner!  
*We* kiss her! no, sir! we never, never  
Thought of kissing her.  
And now, sorry wight, we’ll leave you to-night;  
And, maybe, again  
We’ll tap on your pane,  
And sing you a strain  
Some other dark night. We go! We go! Good  
night!

Apace  
Thro' space  
The winds have passed  
Into vacuum vast,  
With a fitful blast.  
And I hear them sing as they onward wing  
Their course along  
The clouds among,  
This triumph song :

## XIII.

“ We softly glide,  
Or rudely stride  
O'er creation wide.  
We're kings of the air from pole to pole,  
From earth to the vault where planets roll  
Eternal,  
Through ether bounds successive rounds  
Diurnal.  
Brave knights are we,  
Forever free,  
On land or sea.  
In the frigid arc, or 'neath torrid spark,  
Our raiment the clouds, and the lightning's shrouds,  
We heed no behest,  
Nor gentle request,  
Of sinner, or blest.  
From Prince on the throne, in purple clad,  
And glad,

That fortune has spread  
For his favored head  
A downy bed ;  
Or beggar unknown, in raiment bad,  
And sad  
That his wisp is shared,  
In some stable yard,  
Very cold and hard.  
All, all are a speck, when we will to wreck,  
The mists we furl,  
The clouds we hurl,  
On the mountain's curl,  
And sprinkle the rain on the thirsty grain,  
That man may reap ;  
And blossoms blow where winter's snow  
Lay frozen, long and deep.  
And streamlets swell to rivers large,  
To speed along the freighted barge.  
And again amain  
We clatter and spatter,  
A torrent of rain over hill and plain,  
That man may weep,  
And ruin dwell where beauty fell  
A victim to the deep,  
That graves its dead, *sans* winding sheet,  
Or bell, or book, or candle meet,  
Or torrid and dry,  
With a thirsty cry,  
Go blustering by,  
High twirling the dust in a spiral bust

Up to the sky,  
Or to and fro, rapid or slow,  
Sifting the film in frosty realm,  
    And tossing the snow—  
    The innocent snow—  
    On the globe below.  
We're fiends of storm and dread alarm,  
When dashing amain over hill and plain,  
Valley and steep with hurricane sweep,—  
    The herbage swirling,  
    The branches twirling,  
    And madly hurling  
The brave old trees, on bended knees,  
    In the rifted loam ;  
    On the mountain's dome,  
    In the valley home.  
Or on the wave—the boundless wave—  
    High on the mast,  
With a driving gale we expand the sail ;  
    Or shattering blast,  
And rake the gray and foamy spray  
    On the billow's crest,  
While the seaman stark on his plunging bark,  
    And the rasping wheel,  
    And the groaning keel,  
    Lurch and reel,  
Shiver and rock to our mighty shock !  
    Or fling a breeze,  
    With friendly ease,  
    O'er sluggish seas,

And brush the deep, with steady sweep,  
To speed the ship on homeward trip,

To greet once more  
The friends on shore  
As of yore.

We're saints of calm, low-breathing balm,  
And greet with a kiss of soothing bliss,  
When rocked in peace, in quiet space,

And nestle at rest  
In a flower's breast—  
A peaceful guest—

Low whispering cheer to the pensive ear  
Of love-lorn maid in bower's shade,  
'Neath leafy tent, 'mid floral scent ;

Arrayed with care,  
In texture rare,

Around her neck of purest speck,

Great gems of light,  
Full jewels bright,  
As stars of night,

Her wrists enrolled in purest gold,

Proud daughter of wealth, fair daughter of health,  
With the languid air, and the shining hair.

Or fan the cheek  
Of the sad and sick,  
Lowly and meek,

Poor child of want, hungry and gaunt,

Covered with tags of flimsy rags,  
Pale drooping head,  
Pillowed on bed



Of musty shred,  
Fading away in cheerless ray.  
Departing slow,  
Dying of woe,  
That none may know  
But th' angel guard of high reward.  
Or flaunt the flag—  
The vaunted rag—  
On triumph's crag.  
When warring gun, with blood has won  
A funeral knell—  
A breathing spell  
To passions fell—  
In the little span of the maggot man !  
Or sob and mourn,  
When flesh is torn,  
And life is worn,  
On battle space, o'er ashen face ;  
Of fallen brave, low in his grave ;  
On tested plain all gory,—  
Man's potter's field of glory.  
We espouse no clime,  
No people, or creed, on the globe decreed.  
We are twins of Time  
With him we were born on Creation's morn  
With him we'll leave on Creation's eve  
This planet forlorn.”  
The winds have gone their journey on  
Through far off bounds,  
And distance drowns

All further sounds,  
And I'm all alone, weary and alone  
With my fate,  
Save the shrill little racket of my old friend the  
cricket  
And its mate.

---

THE FARMER'S WOOING.

Across the trestle, o'er the brook,  
The farmer's boy is coming,  
With sturdy step and pleasant look,  
Unto himself thus humming :  
"There's nothing I so much admire,  
Or gives me such delight,  
As sparking round a blazing fire  
On a frosty winter's night."

The door's ajar, the lamp is lit,  
The farmer's boy looked in ;  
He saw his sweetheart try to knit,  
But the right way couldn't begin.  
"Good evening, miss," he softly said,  
"You seem to be in trouble."  
"Oh, yes, indeed !" replied the maid,  
"This *hose* seems started double."

"Good luck !" exclaimed the farmer's boy,  
"That solves the very trouble,  
In single life there is no joy,  
So let us hitch up double."  
The maiden sighed, then blushed and sighed,  
While he, the saucy farmer,  
Kissed o'er and o'er, her lips, and cried :  
"You'll be my wife, my charmer !"

## WORDS.

Words are but the noisy cadence,  
Of passions fraught with little credence,  
    And less of trusty reason ;  
Give me those deep and speaking eyes,  
That fill the heart with glad surprise,  
    In every glance a reason.  
Though lips be mute, the eyes will tell  
In language pure, the story well,  
    With truest show of reason ;  
I'd rather have one truthful glance,  
Than volumes told by flippant chance,  
    Regardless of all reason.  
So lips be dumb, and let us speak  
With shining eyes and glowing cheek,  
    The language of true reason ;  
And bid the laws of etiquette,  
And *tête-a-tête*, and all that set,  
    To leave us for a season.

THE MAIDEN SAID.

Sweetheart, when I see you smile,  
Those bright pearls, set in coral,  
Tempt me strongly all the while,  
Just to kiss you.  
Now, if desire proves too strong  
For all my strength of moral  
Nerve and tissue,  
Will you forgive the sweet wrong,—  
If I kiss you?  
The maiden said, with a smile,  
Free of any shade of guile,—  
“To receive once in a while,  
A loving kiss,  
Is only just a venial wile,—  
So, I say yes !”

## CONTENT.

## I.

To repine is weak,—and to crave,  
The garish glint of money-power,  
A thing of earth, an earthy dower,  
Which brings not happiness or peace,—  
To the all quick, nor dying face,  
Ending with the pomp of shroud and grave.

## II.

To be content is strength,—is brave,  
And girds the loins with vigor still,  
To bend the present to our will.  
A shadowed memory gives no joy,—  
What was, or might be, can but annoy;  
What is, or may be, yet to save.

## III.

Departed joys, may return no more,  
Faded bloom may not blush again;  
That, which we prize, may not remain,  
To question past, will not regain,—  
Dear treasures lost in the dark main,  
That strands its dead, on Lethe's shore.

THE ROSE-BUD AND DEW-DROP.

A rose-bud at the eve's declining,  
Whispered to a dew-drop shining,

On its breast :

I have nursed thee on my heart nightly,  
And, with my perfume lulled thee sweetly,  
Until the sunlight shone too brightly,

For your rest.

When the sad autumn winds are sighing,  
And, I am withered, old, and lying

On my bier ;

Say dear ! will you this to mind recall,  
And ask your twin sisters, as they fall,  
To brighten the darkness of my pall

With a tear ?

## AN INFIDEL'S EPITAPH.

Drop no tear,—  
A spawn of earth,  
A thing of dearth,  
A plague from birth,  
    On this sphere ;  
A daub of mud,  
A stain of blood,  
A grain of rust,  
A puff of dust,  
    Nothing more,—  
Beneath this sod,  
A fetid clod,  
That doubted God,  
    Lieth here.



## WINTER COMING.

Now swallows wing to warmer climes,  
And hoarse winds tune their winter chimes  
Thro' tangled brakes, and forest glades ;  
On upland heights, and lesser grades,  
O'er valleys low, and rolling plains,  
O'er inland waves, and crested mains.  
And brown leaves drop from parent trees,  
And flit and rustle in the breeze,  
And nestle 'mid the haggard grays  
Of mildewed tufts, and ragged sprays,  
And shags of gorse and sorrel twigs,  
And stunted growths and rotten sprigs.  
The birds have dropped, by slow degrees  
Their blithest notes and sweetest glees,  
And hushed the hum of gleaning bees ;  
The crickets mourn their shelter's loss,  
Where scattered lie the stubble's floss,  
And gray hairs fringe the green haired moss.  
The brooklets murmur fitful rhymes,  
Thro' musty ways at lonesome times,  
By sallow banks, and gloomy shades,  
Where autumn's fainting glory, fades ;  
And waters deep, do sullen flow,  
And great clouds tell of falling snow.

## COME, FAIR LOVE!

Come, fair love! while the moon is high,  
And hushed in sleep the tempest's chime,  
My white-sailed bark awaits hard by,  
To bear thee to my native clime.

The blue sea's calm as sleeping child,  
Not a ripple is on its breast,  
Save along the far rocky wild,  
A breath lulls the sea-fowl to rest.

My cottage white, close to the beach,  
Awaits its fair and blooming bride;  
And glowing hearts, still anxious watch  
Our coming o'er the dreaming tide.

And maidens twine the bridal crown  
Of flowers, culled on Dora's crest,  
To bind my Flora's locks so brown,  
And greet her queen of all the guests.

## THE APPLE.

If I'm at all correct in thinking,—  
'Tis told that Adam, when repenting  
On the bosom of mother Eve,  
Raised his head and cried, "Cease relenting ;  
What boots it now this wild lamenting ?  
The past is gone, 'tis vain to grieve,  
The doom's decreed, and I believe  
No tears can wash or woe relieve ;  
The sentence passed has no reprieve.  
The world is big, and every man  
Must look around and wisely plan,  
To bear his burden as he can ;  
There's room enough for all, I think,  
Without tumbling over the brink,  
And an apple left for each one."

## OBIT.

When guileless soul on pinions fair,  
Is winging thro' celestial air,  
What use to mourn with falling tear  
O'er silent corse on shrouded bier?  
'Twere better sure, to hope and pray,  
That in that hour of certain day,  
When we are called from earthly care,  
To meet the loved and bright one there.

## ALL VAIN.

Smiles are vain, when shadows pall,  
And grief succeeds to mirth ;  
Sighs are vain, when eyelids fall,  
And white lips close in death.  
Tears are vain, when to recall,  
The loved one back to earth ;  
Words are vain, both one and all,  
To cheer the lonely hearth.

## CANZONET.

Sweet, sweet are the notes of the spring birds' glee,  
As they kiss the buds in the young spring-time,  
And bright is the sheen of a moonlit sea,  
Beneath sky of blue in Orient clime.

But sweeter far is the first song of love,  
That strays from the lips of a guileless maid,  
And brighter far are the smiles that approve  
And the eyes that beam with a love unsaid.

Cold, cold are the winds, when December is nigh,  
And drear is the watch on the frozen lea,  
Full dark are the clouds in a wintry sky,  
And sad is the dirge of a troubled sea.

But colder still are the lips that impart  
No smile of joy or song of loving lore,  
And darker still, and sad, the weary heart,  
That sighing lives, but throbs with love no more.

## SOMETHING WANTING.

Certain, there is something wanting,—  
A something forever haunting  
The life affairs of every man  
Who travels on this ball of clay,  
An heir subservient to the ban  
That blasted Eden and its way,  
In Adam's weak and fallen day.  
There's light and shade in every grade  
But more of shadow, I'm afraid,  
Than sunny spots in life's display.  
There's ranting wild, and sane descanting ;  
And union some, and much dissenting ;  
There's sense enough, and silly vaunting ;  
And pleasant words, and angry taunting ;  
And joy enough, and sad lamenting ;  
Ever since mortality began,  
In that far off shadowy eve  
When the Angel bid th' erring man  
To wander on and ever grieve,  
And expiate his sin in gloom,—  
Till the last searching knell of doom.

## ANNA.

Maiden ! thou of the dark brown hair,  
Full oft the morn and evening air  
Wafts on high a lover's prayer,—  
    Pure and free,  
    Meant for thee,—  
    Solely thee !

But his soul, in vain concealing,  
What his eye is still revealing,  
Meets of sympathetic feeling  
    None from thee,—  
    Ever free,  
    Loveless thee !

Ah ! coldly beams thy dark blue eye,  
Whene'er he speaks or lingers nigh,  
Who hapless sighs and fain would die,  
    Still to be  
    Loved by thee,—  
    Only thee !



THEY COST "ROCKS."

Wife, you wear a bonnet blue,  
A pretty head have in it, too !

" Well, what of that ? "

Oh, nothing ; only—ahem—

It costs some " rocks " to deck a whim,—

Let down that slat

The sun is scorching !

Wife, you wear a dress quite new,  
With frills around, athwart, askew !

" Well, what of that ? "

Oh, nothing ; only fine robes

Cost solid " rocks," as well as globes,—

I'm growing fat ;

I've burst my girdle !

Wife, you wear gloves tipped with flue ;  
Your hand is very small, 'tis true !

" Well, what of that ? "

Oh, nothing ; only kidskin

Costs " rocks ; " they've ta'en t' using ratskin,—

How very flat

This young poodle lies !

Wife, your eyes are brilliant ; who  
Has brighter ? Echo answers, who ?

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing ; only, my dear,  
It costs “ rocks ” to keep the vision clear,—  
This beer is flat,  
Hops are very scarce !

Wife, your lips are rosy hue,  
You smile more sweet than cousin Sue !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing ; only, I ween,  
It costs “ rocks ” to keep the mouth serene,—  
There goes a rat ;  
Moll, look to the cheese !

Wife, you never act the shrew,  
Nor scold a *lick*, as others do !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing ; only quiet  
Costs “ rocks,” as well as diet,—  
Mike, dust this mat ;  
You know dust makes dirt !

Wife, you're fair as morning dew,  
Or any bud that ever grew !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing ; only beauty  
Costs, in “ rocks,” a heavy duty,—  
Bill's had a spat ;  
Lo ! his jacket's slit !

Wife, you never seem to rue,  
But stick to notion tight as glue!

"Well, what of that?"

Oh, nothing; only self-will  
Costs "rocks," sometimes 'twill outright kill,—  
Moll, cleanse the vat!  
We'll have a shower!

Wife, you never care to sew,  
But then you love romances so!

"Well, what of that?"

Oh, nothing; only novels  
Cost "rocks." Mother made good waffles,—  
My pipe, you Mat!  
I've got the toothache!

Wife, you always wish to strew  
Our board with luscious roast and stew!

"Well, what of that?"

Oh, nothing; only dainties  
Cost "rocks," in fish, flesh, or pastries,—  
That's leghorn plat,  
In that old bonnet!

Wife, you always sniff and pooh  
When food is high,—the *wherewith* few!

"Well, what of that?"

Oh, nothing; only eating  
Sendeth "rocks" pell-mell a skating,—  
There's fish called sprat,  
Rather small, but sweet!

-Wife, you never do say "boo"  
To household squander; no, not you!  
    " Well, what of that?"  
Oh, nothing; only wasting  
Costs some "rocks," as well as feasting,—  
    That little gnat  
    Has stung my smeller!

Wife, you never take a cue,  
To snub our friends—that sponging crew!  
    " Well, what of that?"  
Oh, nothing; only suckers  
Reduce "rocks" to flimsy wafers,—  
    Boys, hold your chat!  
    Silence becomes youth!

Wife, I guess you always knew  
Adam's rooster was the first that crew!  
    " Well, what of that?"  
Oh, nothing; only knowledge  
Costs "rocks," you'd have the boys at college—  
    There's tit for tat,  
    Says Tim Finnegan!

Now, wife, between me and you,  
I adore you—I'll vow I do!  
    " Well, what of that?"  
Oh, nothing; only, just that  
You cost huge "rocks;" it's very pat—  
    Hum, where's my hat?  
    I ken wrath feminine!

TO A SLEEPING GIRL.

Rest in calm, softly sleep !  
Angels fond sweetly keep  
Bright vigils o'er thy guileless slumber,  
Gentle maiden !  
Sweet, sweet may thy dreams be !  
And may their visions be  
All pleasing to thee,—  
Lovely sleeping, softly dreaming,—  
Gentle maiden !

And light as the ripple,  
O'er thy snowy temple,  
Of that fair braid of thy golden hair,—  
Gentle maiden !  
Be thy destiny's strife,  
Be thy sorrows through life,—  
Be thou maid or wife,  
Lovely sleeping, softly dreaming,—  
Gentle maiden !

## SWEET MAID OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

Life's azure sky was beaming clear,  
Glad hope was in my breast,  
On that fair eve to memory dear,  
When my life with love you blest,—  
Sweet maid of the golden west.

Dream I oft, when waning daylight  
Fades beyond the western plain,  
And the spell of dewy twilight  
Wakes the note of sweetest strain  
In memory's song again ;

Then I see thee in thy brightness,  
Hear again thy dear voice,  
Thro' those lips of rosy sweetness,  
Murmur words of fondest choice,—  
Bid my soul in thee rejoice.

Many a joy I fain would keep,  
Since that fair evening hour  
Has passed away ; and I could weep  
For many a faded flower  
In memory's vernal bower.

Many a shade with shadow deep  
Has crossed my daily way,  
Many a hope I clasped in sleep  
Changed, with light of coming day,  
To an image of dead clay.

How many friendships lightly won,  
And joys too dearly bought,  
And passing pleasures scarce begun,  
Are low with the dead of thought,  
In the vault of gloomy naught.

But still as a star thou beameth,  
Brightly within my breast ;  
As a rose in bloom, thou seemeth  
To perfume my soul to rest,—  
Sweet maid of the golden west.

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## ERIN WEEPS.

Erin weeps ; low droops her mournful head,  
And, pointing toward the scroll of duty,  
She spake : " Here is no blot to shame the dead,  
Nor fault to answer in eternity."  
One hero more is with her dead,  
And hope, just brightening, now has fled  
The ardent youth and Christian sage  
And Erin bleeds another age.  
Oh, land of light in Calvary's faith,—  
Long blest with Christian love and grace ;  
Long-mourning land of a worthy race,  
Crowned with a never-fading wreath  
Of blossoms culled through suffering,—  
Fight on ! Laurels still are growing,  
And bright flowers sweetly blowing,  
While thy tears and blood are flowing,  
To gem another offering.



IF I SHOULD DREAM MY LIFE AWAY.

If I should dream my life away  
In some lonely spot, forgotten ;  
Where wayward feet would never stray,  
Nor passion's fevered finger trace  
One line I would in truth erase  
From memory's secret folded page,—  
Then, would life's mission be fulfilled ?  
No lesson taught to fellow kind,  
Of precept wise through faith instilled ;  
No burden of earth's ills to bear ;  
No love, no joy, no grief to share,—  
Meseems such life would be a blank.

## UP! UP! AND BE DOING.

## I.

Lo, there's room for you and more  
On the pathway up the hill,  
Where reward lies big in store  
For the brave and honest will  
There's a yielding harvest still ;  
See the world still jogs along  
Whether you have tears or glad,  
While the weak as well as strong,  
And the merry and the sad,  
With the really good and bad,  
Are your very next door neighbors :  
So up! up! and be doing,  
'Tis useless to be rueing ;  
Take your stand, and let your hand  
Do it well, whatever doing,  
And reward will crown your labors.

## II.

Lo, the clock still marks the time,  
And there's work yet to be done,  
Ere the bells in mutual chime  
Tell the hours already run  
To the chamber of the sun.

See, human bees are busy,  
And the hive is shut to drones,—  
No room for halt or lazy,—  
Ask for bread and you get stones,  
Where they buzz in loudest tones,  
As your very next door neighbors.  
So up! up! and be doing,  
'Tis useless to be rueing;  
Take your stand, and let your hand  
Do it well, whatever doing,  
And reward will crown your labors.

## III.

Lo, the fields of yellow grain,  
Ripe and ready for your hand,—  
Reap away with might and main,  
And the sheaves be sure to band;  
Careless work will never stand.  
See, your turn is at the flail,  
Wield it high and wield it well;  
Keep good heart, you cannot fail.  
When the sweat and muscles swell,  
Every stroke will surely tell,  
On your very next door neighbors.  
So up! up! and be doing,  
'Tis useless to be rueing;  
Take your stand, and let your hand  
Do it well, whatever doing,  
And reward will crown your labors.

## IV.

Lo, the tide is running swift,  
And the wrecks you plainly see,  
Of those shiftless lives, adrift  
In their helpless misery,  
On the world's tempestuous sea.  
See! your turn is at the wheel,—  
Trim the ship, and be steady,  
Though a reef should bar the keel,  
And the wreck is in the eddy,  
Lower the boats and be ready,  
With your very next door neighbors.  
So up! up! and be doing,  
'Tis useless to be rueing;  
Take your stand, and let your hand  
Do it well, whatever doing,  
And reward will crown your labors.

---

THE ONE I LOVE.

Daylight softly lessens,  
And a floral essence  
    Lingers near  
Where the one I love  
Shines, a star, above  
    My lowly sphere.  
I love her ; oh, how much !  
And yet I fear to touch  
    Her shapely hand ;  
    While I stand,  
With love's earnest gaze,  
Breathing but her praise  
    'Tween my sighs.  
She has the sweetest voice,—  
'Tis a melody of choice  
    Liquid strains !  
And her cheek a rosy tint,  
With the lily softly blent,  
    Still retains.  
She has the dearest eyes,  
Clear as summer skies,  
    And a mouth,—  
The richest, sweetest bud  
    Of the south,  
With crimson leaves.

## TROUBLE DOUBLE.

## I.

The King in state upon his throne  
Must lend an ear to trouble,  
And meet the "Rub" halfway in faith,  
Or else his fears may double ;  
The subject's heart and might of will,  
Though trodden low, is living still.

## II.

The Queen has rank and worldly grace,  
And yet she has some trouble ;  
And in her acts must sometimes show  
No single face, but double ;  
Fair words and smiles may oft beguile,  
When burning tears could fall the while.

## III.

The Courtier proud, with knightly rank,  
Encounters servile trouble ;  
He finds the knack to please a king  
Requires attention double.  
The bauble title, after all,  
Is but serf to a master's call.

## IV.

The Soldier, high in valor's list,  
Must fence with trying trouble ;  
Oft when he thinks the day is won,  
The foe comes on him double,—  
Mischance defeats the highest aim,  
Chance often leads to highest fame.

## V.

The Orator, of ardent speech,  
Still finds the greatest trouble  
To stick to what he wants to say,  
Nor give the meaning double.  
Eloquence is a power if speech,  
Seemly chosen, defends the breach.

## VI.

The Statesman, in the halls of state,  
Is sure to meet with trouble ;  
When rival parties take their stand  
And aggravate things double.  
Wisdom, linked with calm reflection,  
Will bridge the void caused by defection.

## VII.

The Lawyer, in judicial court,  
Has now and then his trouble ;  
His client's poor—the case is bad—

The jury can't see double.  
A baffled wrong is something gained,  
And justice hath her will sustained.

## VIII.

The Actor, on histrionic boards,  
Meets with his biggest trouble,  
When prompters fail to give the cue—  
Thus mixing things up double.  
Rehearsals strict and memory keen  
Will picture life in every scene.

## IX.

The Doctor feels the fainting pulse,  
Then shakes his head in trouble ;  
There's something wrong—the nurse has slept,  
Or gave the doses double.  
Negligence is the foe of will,  
And stumbling-block to human skill.

## X.

The Patient on his weary cot,  
All spent with painful trouble,  
May see his past in gloom arise,  
And make his faults seem double.  
A deathbed prayer and tear may fade  
A murky stain to brighter shade.



## XI.

The Author has his visions fair,  
Also his shade of trouble ;  
The critic cuts him where he's soft  
And salts the sore spot double.  
The voice of blame, if only just,  
Will raise the mind to higher trust.

## XII.

The Critic, too, with all his brass,  
Gets now and then in trouble ;  
When th' wounded wight with two-edged sword,  
Cuts back with venom double.  
A cancelled wrong may have its sweet,—  
But forgiveness serves a grander treat.

## XIII.

The Artist, on his palette smooth  
Blends rarest tints with trouble,  
Yet when he tries them with the brush  
He finds he has to double.  
Repeated trials, with a will,  
Brings the great object nearer still.

## XIV.

The Musician strikes th' sweetest tones,  
Yet has the greatest trouble,  
To touch the heart and thrill the nerves

With rapture flowing double.  
To touch the soul with magic art  
Lies not in sounds, but in the heart.

## XV.

The Banker, in his coffers deep,  
Looks blank with heavy trouble ;  
When deposits there are very slim,  
And outside pressure double,—  
Man may exist on nature's dower,  
But money helps, and money's power !

## XVI.

The Rich man, lulled in money's dream,  
Has something still to trouble ;  
And when a crisis sweeps the pile  
His bullion eyes see double.  
Ill luck is hard ; but, then, you know,  
Wealth has pinions down here below.

## XVII.

The Miser, groping in the dark,  
Has late and early trouble,  
To watch his hoard and count the pelf,  
And see it growing double ;  
Of all the woes that grieve mankind,  
The will to grasp is most unkind.

## XVIII.

The Poor man, from his jaded sleep  
Awakens in sad trouble,  
And sighs to think another day  
May bring his wants just double.  
Fortitude and patient waiting  
Brings many a balm elating.

## XIX.

The Pauper, in the county's house,  
Has scanty fare to trouble ;  
He may have seen much better days,  
And thus his grief is double.  
Misfortune is wealth, if we are given  
That recompense which leads to heaven.

## XX.

The Merchant foots his cash account  
With greedy care and trouble ;  
But finds, alas ! that, after all,  
His debts are almost double.  
Economy is the sure guard advance  
That safely rounds the curve of chance.

## XXI.

The Spendthrift smiles, then laughs aloud,  
And tries to shun his trouble,  
But there's no way to shirk the law,—

The sheriff discounts him double.  
The dainty freaks of fancy taste  
Full often end in homely waste.

## XXII.

The Mechanic has his ins and outs,  
His big and little trouble ;  
Each day has hardy work to do,  
And sometimes labor double.  
Repose is sweet, when honest toil  
Makes rest a boon and passing wile.

## XXIII.

The Tradesman has his ups and downs,  
His days and nights of trouble ;  
His risks don't pay, the ends wont meet,  
And duns are calling double.  
Retrenchment is a need at times  
When bootless ventures cancel dimes.

## XXIV.

The Lover thinks to play coquette,  
But then begins his trouble ;  
He finds, too late, his chosen girl  
Has got the art just double.  
Love is blind, and love is trouble ;  
Yet, love is sweet—when it's double.

## XXV.

The Maiden gives her love to one,  
With anxious care and trouble ;  
But soon she learns an ugly fraud,—  
Her lover's face was double.  
Misplaced confidence will often prove  
The bitter end of trusting love.

## XXVI.

The Housewife meets with steady face  
Her daily round of trouble,  
And dreams, each night she lays her down,  
To-morrow's task may double.  
Anxious thoughts for unknown care  
Make crow's-feet deep and silvers hair.

## XXVII.

The Landsman leaves his native shore  
To face his ocean trouble,  
And finds that hardships on the sea  
To those on land are double.  
If we could know what is before  
How few would seek a promised shore !

## XXVIII.

The Shepherd counts his flock at morn,  
With tender ward and trouble ;  
But ere the west is flecked with eve,

The wolf has fleeced him double.  
Ofttimes the beast of savage will  
Outwits the man in cunning skill.

## XXIX.

The Farmer sees the grain he's sown,  
With labor hard and trouble,  
Come creeping up, with tardy growth,  
In wisps to chafe him double.  
Man expects, but higher power  
Wills to fall the growing shower.

## XXX.

The seasons come and go in turn,  
And floods, and winds make trouble ;  
And man, and beast, and crawling thing  
Around creation double.  
Time will possess, and time will change  
All substance within the world's range.

## XXXI.

Man may conceive and build to-day  
On hope, despite of trouble ;  
To-morrow's sun may see the ruins  
And he more wretched double.  
To build on hope is often vain,—  
Delusion links a brittle chain.

## XXXII.

The life of man is big with change,  
And full his cup of trouble ;  
A joy at morn, may die at noon  
And cloud his cares all double.  
The heart that's true to manhood's call  
Will bravest prove when shadows fall.

## XXXIII.

So life, at best, seems but a test  
Of all the laws of trouble ;  
And wise seem they who look for ease,  
Nor seek for trouble double.  
If life were dream utopian and dust,—  
A paper record, and a bust.

## XXXIV.

And quidnuncs say 'tis hardly fair,  
For those who shirk life's trouble,  
To have it slick in the next world  
As those who rough it double.  
But mystery holds what man would learn  
And death is sure, and what we earn.

## WE MET.

We met in the dewy twilight,  
When the sun had gone to rest,  
And a gleam of deepest gold-light  
Touched the azure in the west.  
'Twas when the roses brightly blush  
In the glow of sunny June,  
And the linnet and the thrush  
Trill a melody in tune.

Oh ! she was fair, and her dear eyes  
Shone in the dusky light  
As stars serene in liquid skies  
Shine through a summer night !  
And her dear voice a sweetness had,  
And soft harmony of tone,  
Which gave her words a cadence glad,  
And rich music all their own.

A smile benign and dimple fair,  
Played on her lip and cheek ;  
And rippling flowed the glossy hair  
Round her white and shapely neck.  
Upon her breast, in vesture white,  
Nestled a crimson rose-bud ;  
And in her hair one jewel bright  
Lit the darkness of its flood.



In memory dwells that summer hour,  
Entranced with joy, or lonely ;  
Still I feel the tender power  
Of her, my love, and only.  
Could I forget, ah, never !  
That blissful time, and fond,—  
When we pledged our hearts forever  
In first love's celestial bond.

Time has gone, with valued treasures,  
Still dear in memory keeping,  
And life still holds many pleasures  
Which may not end in weeping.  
But that one joy, more dear to thought  
Than all the rest I've known,  
Can never fade, or be forgot,  
While life its love can own.

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## \* MUSIC.

Music ! language of those spheres  
Where the sainted speak with God ;  
Theme of joy, of grief, of hope,  
Scaling the rhythm of the stars ;  
Essence of celestial thought,  
Throbbing to the march of time ;  
Breath of the soul of being,  
Borne on the pulse of universe ;  
Solace of the inner heart  
Where lives the mystic song of love—  
Ecstatic thrill that wafts th' soul  
To angel choirs in heaven ;  
Voice of the grave holding converse  
With living memory !

## MY DEARIE.

I am so glad, so very glad,  
    With loving of my dearie ;  
She is ever sweet, never sad,  
    But always bright and cheery.

The ring is on the finger white  
    Of her, my own sweet dearie ;  
The time is set, the very night,  
    That weds me to my dearie !

I'll bless the day and bless the hour  
    That bids me clasp my dearie ;  
And bless th' voice that gives me power  
    To call her wife, my dearie !

I'll deem myself a favored man,  
    Though life may have some dreary ;  
My daily care will be to plan  
    New pleasure for my dearie !

## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood, innocent morn of life,  
    With sunny sky and blue;  
Glad in thy little world, all rife  
    With scenes and objects new.  
No vanished dream to call a sigh;  
No thought of hope, but born to die!  
We may have joy in after years,  
    And sunny ways to cheer,  
Amid the sighs and falling tears  
    That mark the lines of care,  
In life's full prime and shadowed years  
    Of age with silvered hair,—  
Yet no dream so sweet can life embower  
As that we pass in childhood's hour.

IF WE SHOULD PART.

I.

If we should part, and distance claim  
The bright past to be forgotten,  
And the dear light of love begotten  
To be no more a living flame.  
Should I return and loving still,  
Wouldst thou thy promise yet fulfil ?

II.

“Though we should part, and years of pain  
Should trace the dreary void between,  
My love would span the intervene,  
And be thy living light again ;  
Nor time, nor all of human strife  
Can change this heart, my love, my life.”

## THE RING.

On thy white and shapely hand  
    A binding charm, blest of old—  
The tie of love, the wedding band—  
    Shines out in purest gold.  
Clear as thy deeds through life ;  
Pure as thy heart, dear wife !  
Jewels shine on fairer brows  
    Than thine ;  
Ripe lips speak rarer vows  
    Than thine,—  
Yet, thy brow, with faded hair,  
    Is mine ;  
And thy lips, with lines of care  
    Are mine ;  
And I love them, oh ! better far,  
Than all things else 'neath sun or star.

WHEN STARLIGHT FAILS.

When starlight fails,  
And Autumn gales  
Roam o'er the land and o'er the sea,  
All forlorn,  
And brown leaves fall on withered lea,  
Gray and shorn,—

How oft I think,  
And love to link  
The present with those bygone days,  
Of treasure  
Well spent, in fresh and blooming ways  
Of pleasure,—

When laughter rang,  
And rapture sang  
The song of youth, and care was naught  
Or sadness ;  
And joys were mine, and never brought  
But gladness.

But ripened years  
And worldly cares  
Have given to life a test and will

To struggle ;  
The rapture's dead, the laughter still,  
Or frugal.

For now I feel  
Life's mission real  
Is but to learn the old, old tale,  
And cheerless ;  
A sunny calm, or gloomy gale,  
And loveless.

A starless night,  
Or shining light,  
To lead to joy, or utter doom  
The sinner ;  
Spring's bud and bloom but make a tomb  
For Summer.

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## QUERY.

## I.

Sure—all things good must come of Him,  
Who made and counts the sands of Time ;  
Each blade of grass, each fruitful stem,  
That robe the earth in any clime,  
Tell of a Hand beyond sublime.

## II.

The skeptic's laugh is hollow sound,  
Rebuked within his inmost heart,  
Before it falls on airs that bound  
Creation's grand and mighty chart,  
Of which he's but a recreant part.

## III.

Can such a little worm as man  
Take on himself the sense to judge  
How he became, in the great plan  
Of worlds—in which he's but a midge,  
Hatched by some sink, or puddle's edge?

## IV.

Can reason dwell in any mind  
Opposed to wisdom, and the light  
That shines of God, and still be blind,  
And wander in the gloom of night,  
A moping surd, away from right?

## V.

The savage heart, untaught by creed  
Or tongue, hears in the wind and shower,  
Sees in the lightning's vivid speed,  
As it rends some forest bower,  
The Great Spirit's awful power;

## VI.

Sees in the firmament of stars  
The friendly eyes of comrades dead;  
Hears in the water's tuneful bars  
The voice of friends forever fled,  
To the far camp of silence dread.

## VII.

And yet the pedant's tongue will wag,  
And glibly prate of Christian creeds,  
And tell the world, with blatant brag,  
He has no faith in Cross or beads,  
And Scripture is below his needs.

## VIII.

Frail atom of an instant's breath !

When death has sized thy girth and length,  
Will "Ism" shield from dread of death ?

E'en as a spider's web in strength,  
In the last gasp that clings to earth.

## IX.

And the future, oh ! darkness, on

A turbid ferry to a shore

Bereft of moon, or star, or sun,

Or hope, thickset with thorns that gore

The darkened soul for evermore !

## X.

Without the circle of God's grace,

What use a garbled life to crave ?

No storied lines can sin efface,

No marble urn, nor bust can save

The wasted life beyond the grave.

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LOST THROUGH PRIDE YET TO  
MEMORY DEAR.

What though we deem the parting hour lightly,  
Nor sighs, nor teardrops from eyelids start,—  
None may tell the silent sorrow rightly,  
That dwells within the poor aching heart.  
A light may fill the eyes all brightly,  
And a smile wreath the lips all sweetly,  
While parting words are lightly spoken ;  
Yet, in the dusk, dreams may visit nightly,  
With words of sweetness and love token.  
No lapse of time may the sorrow lessen,  
Though years may serve the heart to chasten.  
Wayward pride brings full many a tear ;  
Pale afterthought brings the sad, sad lesson,—  
Lost through pride, yet to memory dear.

MONODY OF A COQUETTE.

Youth waning, beauty fading,  
Tells my mirror each morning ;  
    The silver show was but tin,  
And the tinsel flash of youth  
A transient vision in truth,—  
    Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now mine eyes lack much their fire,  
And my smiles begin to tire,  
    For my lips are pale and thin ;  
And the rose has left my cheek,  
And the lily, too, my neck,—  
    Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now my brow has less command,  
And my language less at hand,  
    A flirtation to begin ;  
For the spell of youth is o'er,  
And my voice sounds sweet no more,—  
    Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now my motion lacks its grace,  
And my step forgets its pace,  
    That still captivated men ;

For my form lacks its symmetry,  
And my charms seek obscurity,  
Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now my hand is never sought,  
And my name is seldom thought  
Of, in language or with pen ;  
If my form needs assistance,  
All suitors stand at distance,—  
Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now lovers, who used to sigh  
For a glance of my bright eye,  
With a whisper low, and grin,  
Point me out to their compeers  
As the belle of other years,—  
Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now their sly and meaning sneer  
Greets my melancholy ear,  
With a harsh, discordant din ;  
As their fond and steady gaze  
Speaks another maiden's praise,—  
Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Now, companions of my youth—  
Maidens full of love and truth,  
Free of all coquettish sin—  
Live a life of tranquil bliss  
'Neath a husband's daily kiss,—  
Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Ah, no husband's kiss is mine ;  
No fond arms around me twine,  
    A caress of joy to win.  
In my bosom there's a void,  
And my heart does ever chide,—  
    Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

Ah, me ! ah, me ! rueful days,  
When I deemed it pleasant ways  
    Flirting gayly with the men ;  
Winning many a true heart,  
With my vile coquettish art,—  
    Ah, the change 'tween now and then !

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## IN THE TWILIGHT.

In the twilight, where the lindens  
Cast a shadow, cool and gray ;  
Someone's telling something tender  
To the heart of gentle May.  
He is saying, " Fair and dearest,  
Tell my heart,—you know its pain—  
Let me hear those lips, the sweetest,  
Tell my soul you love again !  
And I'll sigh no more in sorrow  
For the coming bright to-morrow,  
And the dawning of my joy."

With the twilight, on the lindens  
And the dew-drops on the spray,  
Comes a whisper, low and sweetly,  
From the lips of gentle May.  
She is saying, very softly,  
With the lovelight in her eyes :  
" Come again, when birds are singing,  
And the spring light's in the skies ;  
And we'll sigh no more in sorrow,  
For the coming bright to-morrow—  
And the dawning of our joy."



## A SISTER OF THE POOR.

I saw her first on village green,  
    A maiden fair and chaste ;  
The village choice for May-day queen,  
With garland rich in floral sheen,  
    A girdle round her waist.  
While on her brow, where ringlets strayed,  
    A crown of lilies white  
Shone like a nimbus, and the maid,  
Enthroned, in pearly vest arrayed,  
    Seemed all a queen by right !

The wild-rose dimple on her cheek  
    Still came and went in play,  
Whene'er her lips essayed to speak  
In language low, and sweetly meek,  
    Or smile their winning way.  
Her tender voice, with mercy's thrill,  
    Came to the heart with peace ;  
While, in her eyes, the pure light still  
Told of a just and earnest will,  
    And lit her angel face.

We met again in after years  
    Upon a crowded street,  
Within a city full of fears

And winding-sheets and freighted biers  
Where death held marshal beat.  
No lilies now : but on her brow  
A band of white she wore,—  
A Christian crown : for she was now  
In heart, and soul, and holy vow,  
A Sister of the Poor.

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## VESPER.

Vesper star of many a song,  
From bards of love and lover's sighs ;  
And bards whose flight on pinions strong  
Wing past the stars to higher skies.  
O star upon the eastern rim,  
Where lessening clouds do float, and skim  
With fleecy trails the azure plain  
Where light winds brush the rising main,—  
Is there, beyond the ether sphere,  
That circles round thy given way,  
An islet, where the ones most dear  
Wait for those who must longer stay,  
To watch and wait for mercy's voice  
To call them where they can rejoice?

## SUNSET.

The lessening light, with a glory  
Golden, streams along the western steep,  
And lights the hills, old in story,  
On their temples high and hoary,  
And the wild waves, that will not sleep  
On harbor strand, nor ocean deep ;  
And the streamlets and the rivers,  
Winding on through blooming meadows ;  
And the waterfall that quivers,  
As it speeds through mountain shadows,  
Erst it laps the rock that shivers  
All its force, and drops away to rest,  
Where sleeping waters, through a mist,  
Shimmer bright as amethyst !

## REAPERS.

The dewy dusk is coming on ;  
Low in the west the setting sun  
In purple vest and crown of gold,  
Far flashing, where many a fold  
Of amber tint and violet lie  
Along the blue and dappled sky.  
The harvest day its course hath run,  
And in the fields all labor's done,  
Until the dawning of the morrow  
Lights the stubble and the furrow,  
And bright the sickle gleams again  
Till low the sun is on the wane,  
The reapers rest among the clover  
And the wheat, low bending over,  
With its wealth of golden grain.  
And now they sing in rural strain  
Of gathered sheaves and happy days,  
With wedded love in sunny ways ;  
Where blossoms scent the ambient air,  
Nor shadow comes of wordly care.

## AFFECTION.

Affection ! blest grief of Mary at the Cross,  
When the all-sacred Heart was pierced, and bled,  
That man might live, and be a joy for aye,  
In the galaxy of the blest appointed,  
Where white wings hover round the throne of God.  
Sweet recompense for earnest toil in fields  
That yield not fruit in fair summer's golden  
Prime, nor bounteous gleaning in the harvest  
Time ; but wisps and stunted sheaves of little  
Worth, in marts where value finds its level.  
Soother of the throbbing pulse, all weary ;  
And tired hands, pressed on heart loud aching ;  
And sad, full sore of promise unfulfilled ;  
Ah ! dreams so bright, how dim the waking !  
Fair twin-sister of starry hope, best gifts  
Bestowed on the peoples of the universe,—  
Banding nature with the spirit that leads  
To bliss supreme, where halcyon days are bright ;  
And pæans swell through sighless vales, where dusk  
Falls not, nor cloud hangs in the vast cerulean.  
Shield of the poor erring one, sorrowing ;  
When the prodigal wanders from the hearthstone  
In ways forbidden ; an alien to peace  
And hopeful duty ; reaching e'en unto



Grim prison bars, to light the dungeon gloom,  
Where the pale convict groans in galling chains,  
Lapped in the branded dense, where shame is mute;  
An outcast in the land where he was born,  
No more, no more, a guest where honor lives.  
Oh ! alastor of the heart : who may space  
Thy bounds ? who reveal thy mystic power ?  
No sweets like thine to cheer the bitter cup  
Life must quaff, and be content when sorrow weeps.

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## THE WRECK.

She came, a ship, with flowing sail,  
From sunny shores of spicy lands,  
And proudly pressed her trusty keel  
O'er waters blue and ocean sands.  
Her freight was part, of throbbing hearts  
Returning home to kindred dear,  
And bosom friends of noble parts,  
Long tried and found of friendship rare,—  
Long tried and prized with earnest care.

She came in sight of native lea,  
When th' noonday sun was shining bright ;  
A steady breeze curled the blue sea,  
And bulged each sail all taut and white ;  
All hearts were glad, and beaming eyes  
Looked landward with a yearning gaze,  
And words and smiles, and happy sighs,  
And laughter gay and merry phrase,  
Told of high hopes in coming days.

The eve grew dun, and loud the gale  
That lashed the sea to sullen roar ;  
The brave ship lurched in her foamy trail,  
Where high waves capped a hidden shore.

Then rose the wail of hopeless grief  
As night dropped on the sea and land ;  
And billows dashed on sunken reef,—  
The brave ship, now beyond command ;  
The brave ship doomed on every hand.

The boats are lowered, but none can live  
In the whirl of the foaming tide ;  
Nor helping hand can brother give  
To sister drowning by his side.  
No human strength can breast the deep.  
The boldest swimmer from the deck  
The dark waves catch in their wild sweep,—  
And dash again upon the wreck,  
All lightly as a floating speck.

All hopeless stands the bravest heart,  
Low cowering sits the weaker ;  
While cries and prayers on mercy's part  
Rise imploringly to the Maker.  
All dark, save when the lightning's flash  
Lights the dense clouds that trail on swell  
Of toppling billows, and the crash  
Of pealing thunders loud and fell  
Toll the dying's funeral knell.

The tempest was up all night long ;  
No aid from land could face the deep.  
The surging surf and tempest strong  
Barred the way to the sinking ship.

When daylight came o'er th' murky reach,  
All was gone with the ebbing tide;  
Nothing had gained the sandy beach,  
Save a brave dog, and, by his side,  
A lifeless child, for whom he died.

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## WITHERED BLOOM.

Above the low and sodden graves,  
Where lie the dank and withered sheaves,  
The sunless clouds hang dark and drear ;  
And keen winds shake the faded leaves,  
That rustling fall on grasses sear,  
Where wilted bloom and flowers dead  
Pillow lost verdure's lowly head.  
In ruffled pomp the rivers flow  
Through mountain pass and valley low,—  
Through meadow land and fallow  
Where low drooping vines and ferns show,  
Russet tints and gray and yellow  
Along their banks where ripples shallow  
Murmur plaintive sobs of woe.

## CHRISTIAN FAITH.

When dark the sky by tempest crossed,  
And breakers foam upon the lea,  
And life's frail bark is rudely tossed  
On the wild waste of being's sea,—  
Look up, above the bending mast  
To Him, the ruler of the gale ;  
Look up, beyond the cloudy vast,  
To Him, Whose will can never fail !  
Be brave ; fear not the stormy coast  
Steer on, and steer with true zeal ;  
No ship is doomed, is ever lost,  
While Christian faith is at the wheel.

## ALICE JEANE.

Oh! days of joy well remembered,  
    Passed with one a maiden fair,  
Days, alas, too quickly numbered,  
    Leaving but a world of care  
In a heart full sore and lonely,  
    Dreaming dreams that will not tell  
If she is happy or only  
    Waiting time to break the spell.  
Oh! Alice Jeane, dear Alice Jeane,  
Come back, come back, to me again.

Oh! nights of peace and sweet repose  
    In dreams of her the loved one,  
Return again and once disclose  
    Some hope I may depend on,  
That she will smile on me again  
    While in her eyes th' lovelight clear,  
Tells my fond heart it will remain  
    Through life, all my life to cheer.  
Oh! Alice Jeane, dear Alice Jeane,  
Come back, come back, to me again.

## WOORED IN VAIN.

It may not be, I cannot will,  
To brave the voice of those I prize,  
Who speak no good nor yet of ill,  
But something lingers in their eyes ;  
And in my heart I ever feel,  
Were I to plight my faith with thee,  
Some other love would break the seal  
And time bring longing to be free.

“We might be happy ;” aye, indeed,  
But *might* is not the balm for woe,  
Though life be short still love is need  
To bridge the deep where sorrows flow.  
A broken faith may seem to some  
A trifle in the scale of life,  
A broken heart a credit sum  
To be made good in future strife.

“But we could try ;” yes, so we could,  
Yet trial wearies and the soul  
Grows sick of waiting long, nor would  
Time bring us to the shining goal  
For which we tread, but distance seem  
To mock us still and ever prove  
Delusive as a delirious dream,  
That has no part in trusting love.



“Has wealth no power?” Not for heart  
Like mine : a jewel’s flash is not  
The light I crave, nor even part  
Of that for which I’d cast my lot.  
The light in eyes that truly love  
Is dearer far than shining gold,  
Or precious gems that even prove  
Of purest water ever told.

“Is there no hope?” To hope is vain ;  
I’ll be your friend, or if you will  
A sister true, but naught of gain  
Can ever prompt me to fulfil  
A dearer bond to thee and thine.  
Nay, do not plead, can you not see  
I would not pain thee nor incline  
To give a hope that cannot be.

“Then must we part?” ’Tis even so ;  
’Tis better thus than mourn too late,  
But do not deem me cold, you know  
Full well I wish you to be great,  
And good, and brave, and ever true  
To her who bands her life with thine ;  
Should you in time some maiden woo  
With heart more warm and fond than mine.

## DARLING.

O my darling, I am waiting  
For thy voice to speak me dear,  
And thine eyes, with love's own greeting,  
Bid me linger always near ;  
Tell me, darling, tell me purely,  
If thy heart is free to love,  
And return a passion truly  
Such as mine will ever prove.

O my darling, do but murmur  
Words of hope to cheer my life,  
In the years that I may number  
In the field of human strife ;  
Tell me, darling, tell me only,  
Heart like mine you wish to claim,  
Sure I prize thy love more fondly  
Than wealth and all the world's fame.

O my darling, should a shadow  
Fall across thy journey here,  
I'll guard thy peace and still follow  
Joys for which you mostly care ;  
Tell me, darling, tell me surely,  
If there's bliss in store for me,  
Raise thine eyes, my love and only,  
Tell my soul it is to be.

THE LANGUAGE USED IN HEAVEN.

The evening light with a golden  
Glory shimmered along the verdant  
Hills, and in the valleys a mist  
Hung lightly, touched with violet hue,  
And in the groves the song birds sang  
Their evening hymns and the melody  
Rose on the airs to Paradise.  
Such time I had a vision fair,  
And my heart was big with gladness,  
As through the aerial sphere of thought,  
On pinions white, I wandered o'er  
The vales of light where angels dwell,  
And heard but music—all sweetness,  
All the language used in Heaven.

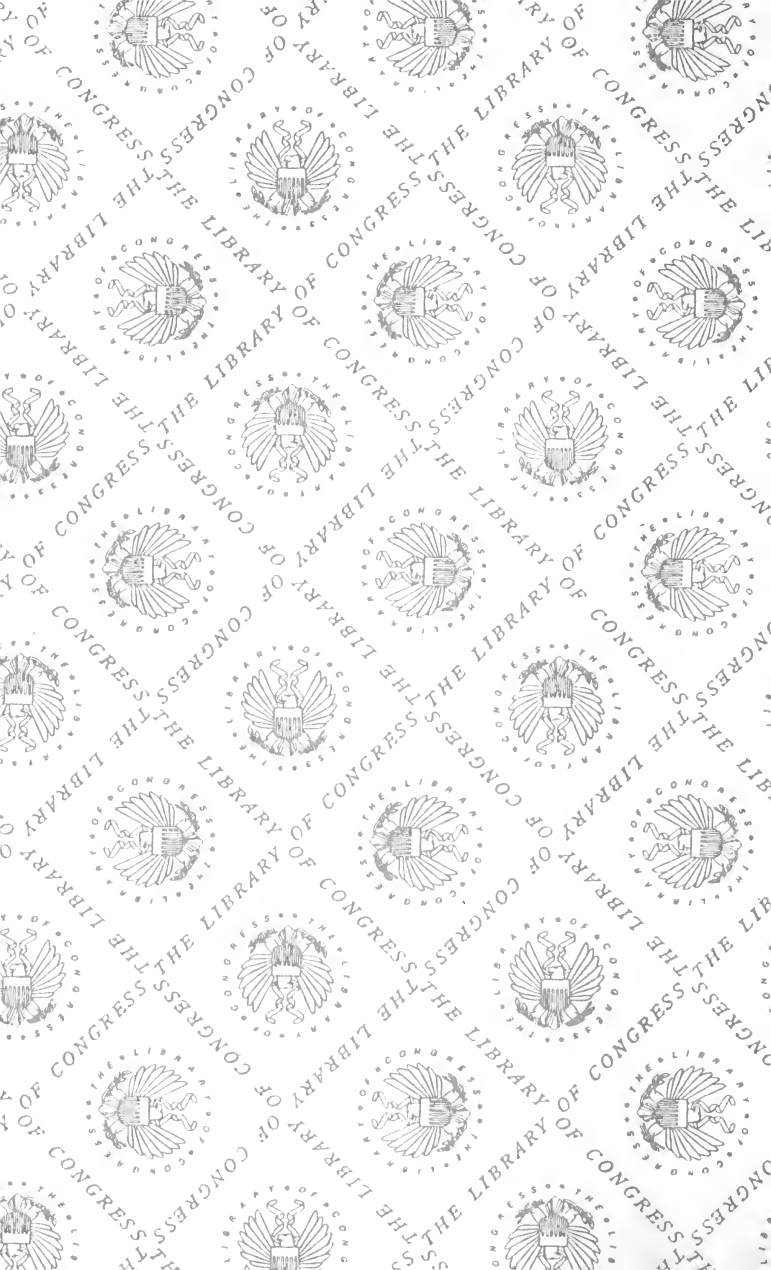
A MORNING PRAYER TO OUR  
MARY MOTHER.

Night is past, and where shadows lay  
 The sunlight falls and bright,  
 And up the slopes in mist all gray  
 Float the warm tears of night,  
 While opening flowers scent the air,  
 And birds on eager wing,  
 Warble forth their sweet matin prayer  
 To Him, our righteous King.  
 Hear, O Mary, Mother of Life,  
 The lowly prayer of one  
 Benighted, groping in the world's strife,  
 Estranged from Christ, thy Son,  
 All prone I lie in sinful dust,  
 Weary of trust in earth.  
 Help, O Mother, that I may burst  
 These chains of living dearth,  
 And claim my birth, given at His will,  
 And nurtured on the breast  
 Of nature, where His presence still  
 Makes known that which is best.  
 I mourn and would retrieve lost years,  
 But I am weak and fail  
 To reach the light, even in tears,  
 Help, O Mother, one who's frail.











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